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A TYPICAL TRAPPIST

MONTALEMBERT, in eloquent and graphic language, has portrayed in a series of pen-portraits the monks of the West; unfolding to us in historic perspective the grand work they wrought for the Church and Christian civilization. Like every other institution, monasticism has had its periods of youth, maturity and decay; of pristine purity and fervor, when it realized a high ideal of cloistral perfection; of great power and influence when, in its prime, it overspread the European Continent with monasteries in which flourished virtue and learning; and of decadence when the spirit of the world invaded the cloister, leading to inevitable laxity of discipline and a lowering of the primitive ideal, until it was gradually lost sight of and corruption reigned where once sanctity shone with undiminished lustre. But, as Lacordaire assures us, the monks and the oaks are immortal. As old trees that have struck deep root have withstood many a storm, monasticism, that ancient growth of the Church, has survived many vicissitudes, many adverse influences that for a time sapped it at its base; or that internal decadence that entailed temporary sterility. It is a note of the inherent vitality of the Church, that institutions to which it has given birth have within them hidden forces that preserve them from extinction and endow them with a power of recuperation and resuscitation that no other institutions possess. The whole history of the Church is witness to this tendency to renovation. It is of the nature of healthy organisms to recover from the effects of disease, and monasticism, based on essentially sound principles, has recovered from the moral maladies with which external contact with the world infected it and which were not traceable to anything defective in itself. Various reforms from time to time have helped its recovery.

The most notable of these was the Trappist reform. Its founder, De Rancé—the most austere of reformers who once rejected a novice because, in weeding the garden, he pushed aside the nettles lest they might sting his hands—seems, in his overzeal for strict observance, to have overstepped the limits, for certain mitigations of his severe rule and that still more severe one of Dom. Augustin L'Estrange have been sanctioned by the Holy See. But we owe to him the revival of the Cistercian Order in modern times. From La Grande Trappe, which he reformed, have radiated several La Trappes continuing the work he began. In them the Rule of St. Benedict, the great law-giver of the monks of the West, and the ancient usages of Citeaux are observed almost in their primitive rigour. In them the monks combine in prayer, labour, study and teaching the active with the contemplative life. They have made foundations in both hemispheres. In France, where for a time revolution drove them into exile; in England, despite its Protestant atmosphere; in Ireland, which, faithful to its religious traditions, received them with open arms and generous hospitality; in South Africa, where the *auri sacra fames* allures so many speculators; and in America, with its teeming populations engaged in the feverish pursuit of wealth and pleasure, the Trappists present the spectacle of lives lived in austere self-denial. In contrast to the modern social world, self-enamoured and self-indulgent, intent on remodelling human society on a basis antagonistic to Christian ethics, they give the inspiring example of the religious life as it was led in what are called the ages of faith, of mediæval Catholicism in the midst of the twentieth century.

It will serve to point a moral and adorn a tale to recall the life of a typical Trappist, Anne Nicholas Charles Saulnier de Beauregard, known to his religious brethren as the Rev. Father Dom Anthony, first abbot of the restored La Trappe de Melleray in France. The son of an eminent French lawyer who held high and responsible official and judicial offices under the old régime, and whose mother, whose maiden name was Mary Martha Bazin, a member of a family as distinguished by their piety as their pedigree. He was born on August 20, 1764, in the Burgundian town of Joigny. As was then customary among the higher classes in France—a custom sometimes more honoured in the breach than in the observance—he was in the domestic counsels designated a candidate for the priesthood. Coincident with his reception of the tonsure at the tender age of seven, he was provided with a small benefice, the Chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, called *des Porchers;* so named after its founder Stephen Porchers, who cherished a great devotion to

that unique distinction bestowed upon the Mother of the Word Incarnate, the "woman above all women glorified, our tainted nature's solitary boast." The incident seems to have made an indelible impression on the mind of the young aspirant who was to be noted for his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and who years afterwards, when the doctorate was conferred upon him, took the oath required by the faculty of theology, to defend all his life belief in the Immaculate Conception. It was the time when these collations to young clerics were recognized by Canonists, when abbacies and other ecclesiastical benefices were held *in commendam,* and the spiritual functions discharged by deputies. It has long since happily ceased to be tolerated and may be traced back to the concordat between Francis I and Pope Lee X, which accorded to the French sovereign the privilege of nomination to all the higher offices in the Church in his dominion, whereby, with results disastrous thereto, they became the appanage of the aristocracy. This was the genesis of the strained relations between the clergy and the people dating from the French revolution when the Church and the monarchy shared the same fate and became obnoxious in the eyes of the masses, an estrangement between priests and people which bred the anti-clericalism so rampant in our time. The Abbé De Rancé, the reformer of La Trappe, expiated all his life the fault of his parents, who, when he was only twelve years old, procured for him benefices of the pecuniary value of 30,000 francs, and his own fault in retaining them, selling his patrimonial property and distributing the price among the poor and the hospitals.

Young Saulnier first studied in the college of his native town. After finishing his rhetoric course at fourteen and when in minor orders he was nominated a Canon of Sens,[1] where he impressed the other members of the Chapter by his tender piety. He next spent five years in the Seminary of Saint Firmin, destined to be the scene, in 1792, of one of the sanguinary episodes during the September massacres. From this he was transferred in 1788 to the College of Champagne, called Navarre, on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève, founded in 1304 by Queen Jeanne of Navarre, wife of Philip the Fair, which rivalled the Sorbonne by its theological learning. He himself was later made a doctor of Sorbonne, after receiving the diploma of licentiate in theology. In the stormy epoch of 1789 he began a course of law under the Abbé Sarête, who recognized in him the possession of great talents. He had as fellow students the sons of M. d' Aligre, first President of the Parliament of Paris, who,

[1] The Archibishop of this ancient see was entitled Primate of Gaul.

struck by his astonishing facility in speaking the Latin language, spoke of him as a second Cicero, and nominated him Clerical-Counsellor of that Parliament. But the revolution, which was progressing with great strides, was soon to deal with that assembly as Cromwell did with the Long Parliament.

On April 11, 1789, Easter eve, Mgr. Jean Baptiste Merondot-Dubourg, titular Bishop of Babylon, was invited by Mgr. Camille Louis. Apollinaire de Polignac, Bishop of Meaux, to perform the ceremony of ordination. It was then that the Abbé Saulnier received the priesthood in the Chapel of the Episcopal Palace of Meaux. The Church in France was no longer, from the human point of view, what it had been. The priesthood was no longer the threshold of a career in which honours and fortune were to be gained at little cost. The priest had nothing to look forward to but persecution, exile, or death, when ecclesiastical institutions were destroyed, the ministers of the altar pursued and dispersed or had to face martyrdom if they remained, as many did. The Church had to pass through the red sea of a revolution that overthrew throne and altar and to drink deep of the chalice of affliction; when many saintly souls expiated by their sufferings the faults of those unworthy priests who had made a certain type of typical French abbé, half cleric, half layman and whole worldling a by-word. The old order was changing and about to give place to a new one, but before the new arrived mob-rule, that worst of tyrannies, and a dreadful reign of terror had to be endured. The Abbé Saulnier was witness in Paris to one of the first murders that preluded many others, when, before his eyes, an unfortunate baker of the Place de Grève, accused by the infuriated populace of having accumulated a quantity of corn in order to increase the price of bread, was hanged on one of the street lamps; thus inaugurating a series of crimes which was to give a kind of sanguinary consecration to that phase, *"à la lanterna!"* which meant death! Warned that all the priests, and particularly those who had not taken the Constitutional oath,[2] would soon be arrested in the capital—caught, as it were, in a vast net—the Abbè Saulnier did not wait for the gates to be closed but made his way to Belgium. He thus escaped the September massacres in which in the Church of the Carmelite Fathers, the Seminary of Saint Firmin and the Abbaye, so many distinguished ecclesiastics and venerable prelates perished.

The clergy, secular and regular, had to take the road of exile. One who had been intimate with the Abbé Saulnier wrote: "At the epoch of the oath, which we all refused, I, as a member of the house

[2] The civil constitution of the clergy.

of Navarre, occupied a room alongside his, which gave me the opportunity of meeting him frequently during the day. If the times had been quieter, they would have been the happiest in my life, but the régime of the Terror forced us to separate. Then he decided to leave France." Thrown upon his own resources, he willingly accepted the position of tutor to the children of M. de la Bourdounaye de Blossac, a refugee in Brussels, in which city he remained until a second invasion of the republican forces made him, along with the family, remove to the small town of Duisbourg on the Rhine, and shortly after to London, where he thought of establishing an educational institute for young men.

It was during his sojourn in the English metroplis he first heard of the Trappists, then at Lulworth, in which some of the Cistercian monks from Val Sainte had taken refuge after their dispersion. It decided his vocation to the cloistral life. Feeling interiorly moved to join them, he no sooner yielded to the impulse and formed his resolution to embrace monasticism, than he at once broke with the world. It was remarked that on the eve of his departure in June, 1795, he had never been more amiable and light-hearted, charming everyone by his conversation. So this precipitate and unexpected retreat greatly surprised the various social circles among the *emigrés* in which he was always received with the greatest pleasure and delight. The French bishops then in England were equally upset on account of the important services which a man of such rare merit could render to the Church when Providence should enable them to return to their own country. But his resolution was inflexible. At the age of thirty he prepared to assume the cowl and become a monk.

Some outsiders may imagine a Trappist monastery to be a kind of religious reformatory or penitentiary in which only great sinners expiate by rigorous penances the misdeeds of their past lives. It is not so. The monks come from various classes and are of various types. They include fervent souls, intent on scaling the heights of sanctity, who may never have forfeited their baptismal innocence, and others, fearful of sustaining the greatest and most irreparable loss that could befall a man, have forsaken

> "a world where strong temptations try,
> And since 'tis hard to combat, learnt to fly."

"The spiritual life," wrote Georges Sand, "is a sublime life; but it is difficult and painful. It is not a vain precaution to put between the contagion of the world and the reign of the flesh ramparts of stone and grilles of brass." Others, too, have abandoned proud positions and brilliant prospects when "the still small voice within"

called them to the higher life, preferring the obscurity of the cloister to the glare and glitter of evanescent allurements, electing to ignore and be ignored by society, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." They found therein "the peace that surpasseth all understanding." "From the experience I have had of them," wrote Dom Antoine, "of a hundred religious in La Trappe, ninety-nine would not give up their austere life for an empire's."

The superior of the Lulworth community, a strict disciplinarian, did not admit him to the novitiate without subjecting him to the long and severe probation required by the Rule of St. Benedict. The Patriarch of the Monks of the West required of postulants three particular dispositions: if they are seeking to fulfil the will of God with great purity of intention; if they are zealous for the proper recitation of the Divine Office; if they are amenable to obedience, humiliations and affronts. (Chapter lviii of the Rule.) The already well-known merits of the young French canon did not suggest a sufficient reason for dispensing him from the customary trial the commonest subjects had to undergo. On the contrary, they considered it right to take precautions proportinonate to the novice's extraordinary talents. A thousand difficulties were raised. They wanted to persuade him that he could never endure the lengthy recital of the Divine Office. But nothing could deter him; and by dint of repeated solicitations he obtained a favor of which, nevertheless, he confessed himself unworthy: he received the habit he so ardently desired, and with it the name of Brother Anthony. Drawn into the cloister by the same spirit that had animated the Anthonys and Pachominses in the Thebaid, one thought was uppermost in his mind, to rise to the level of his vocation and follow in the footprints of the St. Bernard of Clairvaux, on whose feast he was born. During the years of his novitiate he gave multiplied proofs of uncommon fervor, and was to all the members of the community a perfect model of edification. At its close when he presented himself before the Chapter, the austere superior asked him why he ventured to offer himself as a holocaust to the Lord and what good works he had done to pretend to such a great mercy. But the humble subject, although long prepared for such self-oblation, replied with these few words: "It is true, Reverend Father, I have never done anything in my life to deserve this favor; but I hope from this moment to my last breath, I shall only live to do penance for my sins." His biographers add: "His tears and his sobs did not allow him to say more. All present wept; he through humility, the others through edification."

After his profession he filled successively almost all the offices within and without the monastery, cooking in the kitchen or digging and delving in the grounds, taking his share of the hard work of bringing a not too rich soil under cultivation. It was a rude contrast to the easy life of a Canon of Sens. So, years afterwards, when in the presence of his French friends, he spoke jestingly of the manners of his former confrères, they reminded him that he himself had acted likewise; whereupon he replied: "It was on that account I became a Trappist."

He was very happy in his new sphere of life. He described it in a letter to his father in which he wrote: "Don't accuse me of indifference or forgetfulness, if I have let such a long time pass without giving you news. Religion consecrates and ennobles filial piety; far from weakening or sundering ties, it draws them closer. But perhaps you know the strict silence to which our state of life binds us. Isolated, entirely separated from the world, the dearest, the most sacred communications are forbidden us. It needed, father, nothing less than such an insurmountable barrier to hinder me from telling you of my happiness and hearing from you what your position was, how my good and affectionate mother, my brothers and sisters and the rest of my family who will always be dear to me, were. The Father Abbot, in making an exception to the common law on my behalf, has done me a favor for which I am grateful; it is at your solicitation, and hence to you and not to me he has granted it. I avail of it eagerly to give you details of my present state which cannot but interest you greatly. I was in Holland when I wrote to you last, at the beginning of 1793. Various events, which it would be long and needless to relate, led me back successively to Flanders, then to Holland, and thence to England, at the commencement of 1795. I was five months in London when the good God gave me the grace of calling me in a very particular way to the holy state which I have had the happiness of embracing. Want and distress have had no share in my vocation. You know my heart too well to think I would let myself be led by such motives. Besides, through the little talent I owe to the excellent education you have given me, I got two young persons belonging to people extremely respectable in every respect to educate, and with whom I was for nearly a year, and, in addition to my lodging, meals, etc., I had at my disposal for my own keep five hundred livres, a considerable sum at the present time. But, in the midst of all that, I was not happy; distance from my family, separation from all my friends, made me see the dreadful void in my heart, which the dissipation of an entirely worldly life hindered me from appre-

ciating, or, at least, penetrating. A house of Trappists had just been formed in England. I had—shall I say by chance or a very particular disposition of Providence?—an opportunity of meeting, in an abbey in Brabant, the superior of that house. I no longer hesitated, I obtained his consent, and, after writing you a farewell letter, I entered here on June 1, 1795, and pronounced my vows on the 15th of June of the year following.

"What shall I say to you, father? For nearly six years I have the happiness of being a religious, and those six years have, in every respect, been, without any kind of comparison, the happiest moments of my life, although I have by no means the virtues of the good and holy brethren who have deigned to admit me. With them I am content and tranquil, and I see the years pass with a rapidity that surprises me. During my novitiate I have not had a single moment of weariness or of distaste for my condition; and since I have had the happiness of making my vows, it has become dearer to me every day, and that is so true that, paradise for paradise, I would not change my position for all the most attractive and agreeable that the world offers. Don't think from that that I am a man very advanced. Oh! no. I am the least of all my brethren; that will enable you to judge how happy and contented they are. This penitence, which externally only presents before the eyes of the world what is austere and repellant, is internally full of consolation and sweetness. *Crucem vident, unctionem non vident.* It is an orange, the rind of which alone is bitter. That is so true, that I am as well with our fasts and our poor nourishment, and as gay with our rigorous silence as you have ever known me. And that is not saying enough; for, in the midst of all the pleasures the world offered me, I felt, despite myself, decadence; I was compelled to see the contrast between what I was and what I ought to be, and that thought poisoned every moment of my life. Here, miserable as I am, no pain afflicts me; and the confidence I have in the infinite mercy of God impels me rather to desire than to dread the end of my life. All that I had so long idolized, wealth, ambition, all that is nothing more to me that folly and child's play. How good has God been to me! What gratitude I owe Him for having caused the scales that covered my eyes to fall, after having saved me from the smoking ruins of my unfortunate country! Oh! my good and loving father, if for so long my mouth has been mute for you, my heart has not been silent. I don't think I have passed any days without praying for you to the Father of mercies that he would deign to pour out His graces upon you and, above all, make you realize the nothingness and vanity of earthly things. You are already in the

decline of life; in a few days, perhaps, for you eternity will begin. Redeem by abundant alms what in your past life may excite your regrets. There is no surer and more powerful way of touching God's heart. Your children will be always rich enough if they have the fear of the Lord. If I had remained in the world, you know the sacrifices you were disposed to make in my favor; regard me now as living near you in the persons of the poor; give them what you had destined for me; these funds will be placed in the most useful and meritorious way, and will do no wrong to your other children. Give yourself wholly to God, father; you will be happier in time and eternity. I have only one desire, but it is very keen and very true, it is to find myself, in a few years, reunited forever to what is dearest to me on earth: there is no happiness but that; and this thought alone soothes all the pains and bitterness of life. All I say to you, father, I beg my good and tender mother to share; it is to her as well as to you I am writing. Permit me to offer my kind and respectful regards to my uncles and aunts. I embrace with all my heart my brothers and sisters; above all I don't forget my good Emilie. A thousand respects to all my other relatives. My dear and respectable father, give me your blessing and receive the assurance of my profound respect."

Considering the sentiments expressed in this letter, it is not surprising to learn that Dom Anthony, even before he was elected superior, had already a reputation for holiness and wisdom which led to his being consulted whenever any good work was to be undertaken. English bishops begged him to become the confessor-extraordinary of several communities of nuns. He had given proof of his talent as a spiritual director for the Lulworth superiors and the Trappistine sisterhood of Stap-Hile[3] were enchanted with the good spirit he had infused into that community and the exemplary piety he had caused to flourish there.

The Lulworth monastery was founded by Mr. Thomas Weld, father of Cardinal Weld, one of the Welds of Dorsetshire, an old Catholic family, one of those ranked among the untitled nobility of England. He was a fine type of Catholic, a man of strong faith who heard Mass daily, went to Holy Communion three times a week, and recited the breviary like the priests. Possessed of great wealth, of which he made good use, devoting more than half of his income to the relief of poor Catholics for whom he founded several

[3] A house, about twenty miles from Lulworth, attached to the Jesuit mission, given to them by Lord Arundel. It was governed by Mother Augustin de Chabannes who, in 1818, when her monastery was burning, saved it from extinction by throwing a little religuary of the true Cross into the flames which were immediately extinguished; the religuary being afterwards found undamaged.

chapels, making at the same time provision for the priests who served. He was also the founder of the celebrated Jesuit College of Stonyhurst and of several communities of women. In his house at Lulworth he was often visited by George III who held him in high esteem. Though a stubborn old Protestant he respected Mr. Weld for his virtues. One day at dinner in presence of a large number of Anglican archbishops and bishops, addressing Mr. Weld, he said: "I am, as you know, the head of the Church in my Kingdom; I have the best clergy in the world; but give them the fleece of the sheep, and they would willingly let the flock go to the devil." The king wished to raise him to the peerage, but Weld replied: "Your Majesty, I would much prefer to be the richest of squires than the poorest of lords."

The house he offered the emigrant Trappists was only a provisional retreat. The little monastery was only a house hurriedly erected, and for another object. It was but to last seven years. Nevertheless it was still standing in 1810, when Mr. Weld unfolded to the Abbot his design of transferring him and his religious into an old abbey near Dorchester. This plan was to be carried out on his return from a projected visit to Stonyhurst, where he often went to keep the feast of St. Ignatius. "Be very careful," said Dom Anthony, "you know the prophecy." "I am not afraid," he replied, "my heirs are sufficiently numerous; and, besides, I am buying it for the Church and not for my family." This abbey had belonged to the Cistercians up to the time of Henry VIII. At the great pillage, an old lay brother, seeing his monastery about to fall into the hands of Protestants or avaricious speculators, uttered this terrible prediction: "You are robbing and pillaging our monastery, but remember, it will be to no one's profit, for none of those who shall possess it will leave heirs male"; a prophecy which had been verified to the letter. Still, Mr. Weld would have bought it and annulled the curse, if Providence had not disposed otherwise. He set out, as customary, to celebrate the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola at Stonyhurst, where he received Communion along with the numerous students whom he edified by his devotion. Afterwards in the midst of a lively conversation he was suddenly stricken with a brain malady which obliged him to take to his bed. He asked to be bled, but no one there could do it, and he soon succumbed. He was a fruit of holiness ripe for heaven, and his sudden but not unprovided death, in 1810, in the midst of the sons of St. Ignatius, closed a life spent in well-doing. He did everything for the love of God and God's servants. When Father Anthony wished to give him some tokens of gratitude for his bounty, he promptly replied: "Be silent, Father,

we must let the good God act by Himself: I lose nothing in giving for His love; for if I stretch out one hand to distribute some little alms, the other is soon filled with an inheritance I receive somewhere." His son and heir, the future Cardinal,[4] continued to bestow on all his father's foundations the same beneficences; the poor Trappists of Lulworth being the special objects of his affectionate solicitude. It was the mother house of Melleray in France, Mount Melleray in Ireland and Mount St. Bernard in England.

Fifteen years after he entered the Order he was elected superior of the Lulworth Monastery; his predecessor, Dom Maurus, in 1810, when on his deathbed and after receiving the last sacraments, having designated him as the fittest successor. Like St. Stephen Harding, the third Abbot of Citeaux in the twelfth century, who, on account of the frequent deaths among his religious, was doubtful if their austere rule was pleasing to God and ordered one of his dying brethren to ascertain the will of Heaven, which was manifested to him by a subsequent apparition, confirmed by the arrival of a numerous accession of subjects. Father Maurus's mind, when dying, was disturbed by a similar reflection; for since thirteen years, with the exception of some postulants, including Father Anthony, none had sought admission to the noviciate, or at least they had not persevered. Father Anthony, without being discouraged, did not hide his own anxiety, and the worthy superior, in selecting him as his successor, seemed to foresee the growth of the Lulworth house under his government. "My children," said he, before he drew his last breath, "have confidence in the God you are serving; He knows your needs. While leaving you in the world, I shall not abandon you; when I shall be in the presence of God, I shall conjure Him to remember you and send you novices; and it is by this sign you will know if He has been merciful to me." Dom Maurus had hardly been interred when God blessed the new superior and his community by sending them in a few months the postulants they had not received for several years.

Three years after his election Father Anthony was solemnly blessed by Dr. Poynter, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, as first Abbot of that monastery which, until then, had been a simple priory. Its future seemed assured; everything was prospering. But clouds soon darkened the horizon. A dislike and distrust of the extraordinary life of the Trappists was aroused by calumnies to which English Protestants lent a ready ear. The rigid self-denial

[4] He was then married, but after his wife's death, entered the Church, was nominated coadjutor of the see of Kingston in Canada, and was raised to the purple by Pius VIII, March 15, 1830; the first English Cardinal since Pole. Died in Rome, April 10, 1837.

of these cenobites was a tacit condemnation of the lives of sensualists and free-livers. The English mind ever since the Reformation, and particularly since the campaign of calumny that preceded and accompanied the dissolution of monasteries, was obsessed with a false idea of monks and monasticism. The monk personified to them all that it was in the interests of the Reformers to get them to reject and despise. Pens and pictures have been extensively employed to propagate this tradition. In the beginning of the nineteenth century it was more rampant than nowadays, when all that is most intelligent in English life tends to discard worn-out prejudices against Catholic institutions. It was quite otherwise in Dom Anthony's time. When it was insinuated that the Lulworth monks were imposters and hypocrites who, under the veil of a feigned penitence hid a love of good cheer, that they were a community of parasites addicted to the pleasures of the table, there were not wanting gullible people to believe it. When visitors to the poor convent kitchen pretended that they found, hidden under cabbages and turnips, meat joints, it was accepted as proof that their fasting was only make-believe. It was objected that their religious habit was not in harmony with modern costumes and recalled those mediæval manners and beliefs that had been discarded when England received "the new learning." Their vows, it was said, were illegal; they were forbidden to receive novices, or receptions were only tolerated if the vows were only binding for three years. They were regarded as fanactics or as spies of the French government; for in those days there was no *entente cordiale* between England and France. "To cast the odium of those accusations and stale cavillings on the English in general," observe his biographers, "would be on the part of the Trappists an impudent falsification, black ingratitude, and wanting in truth as well as in gratitude. They love to declare that they have found on English soil charitable and benevolent souls who have striven to favour and support their establishment. But Providence, which disposes of all events for the sanctification of its elect, made use of the enemies of its most faithful servant so as to cause the manly and courageous virtue of the worthy superior of Lulworth to become the more striking."

His invincible constancy in resisting the innumerable attacks made upon him by the enemies of the Catholic Church was illustrated by another incident. Like St. Paul who had to endure "perils from false brethren," Dom Anthony had to suffer from the calumnies and opposition of an apostate monk of his order. After publicly making his recantation in a Protestant church and exciting the heretical clergy against his former superior by his impostures, he

denounced the whole Lulworth community in a communication to the Prime Minister, the most rabid enemy of the Catholics; bolstering up his lying accusations by forged documents, solemn protestations and false oaths; accusing them of crimes, the least of which involved the death penalty. The maligned superior was obliged to go to London where he was twice received in audience by Lord Sidmouth, with whom also Lord Clifford, Mr. Weld, the Bishop of Uzès and some others had conferences, as well as the Marquis of Ormond, British Ambassador in France. Dom Anthony demanded to be acquitted of all the calumnious charges made against him and his community. Lord Sidmouth had no difficulty in recognizing the falsity of these accusations and said he regarded the Abbot of Lulworth as an upright man and his calumniator as a disreputable person. The accused demanded boldly to be confronted with his accuser upon whom he had conferred benefits of all kinds; but the latter dared not face his benefactor. Abandoned in the town where he had made his abjuration by those who had listened to his recantation; rejected as a candidate for the Anglican ministry; he took shipping and during his voyage, to cap the climax of his infamy, wrote a pamphlet against the monastery that had received him full of lies and venom. But avenging justice awaited him. He fell ill on board and ended his miserable existence without recognizing his fault or receiving the ministrations of religion. But the English government of the day held that the Abbot and his community had misinterpreted their intentions which were only to give a temporary refuge to French religious *emigrés,* and not to prolong their existence in England. Despite all the arguments to the contrary adduced by Dom Anthony, he had to undertake to return to France as soon as the peace of that country was assured and his own affairs permitted; otherwise the English government would adopt measures, the consequences of which the Minister would be unable to retard. The pious and hospitable English gentleman, who had provided them with a refuge from the revolution that dispossessed them, regretfully consented to their departure, undertaking to continue his munificent help to his favorite *protégés;* Dom Anthony, undertaking on his and his brethren's part to always regard Mr. Thomas Weld and his heirs as the first and principal founders and protectors of the monastery he projected establishing in his own country.

The time was opportune and circumstances favored it. Legitimism was in the ascendant. The Restoration had succeeded the first Republic and the first Empire. The Trappists returned to France on the pressing invitation of the minister of Louis XVIII; the chief navy officers being commissioned to arrange for their repatria-

tion. Fifty-seven monks embarked at Weymouth on July 10, 1817, in the French frigate *La Revanche,* reaching Nantes on the 20th. It was with tearful eyes the good country folk of Dorsetshire witnessed their departure and with joyful greetings their fellow countrymen received them with open arms.

It was in the ancient abbey of Melleray, which had belonged to the Cistercian Order since the time of St. Bernard he purposed re-establishing his community. Some time before the arrival of Dom Anthony in Bretagne, Dom Augustin de Lestranges had already taken steps to acquire it, but Providence had decreed otherwise. Founded by English, it was to again be peopled by English religious who were to be its restorers. On February 8, 1817, Dom Anthony signed the deed which made him its owner; while an old lady, Madame de Meilleraie, who at the time when Church property was being sold, to prevent the complete pillage of the abbey lands, had purchased two small farms near her château, conveyed them, free of expense, to the Abbot. The monastic colony that landed at Nantes, the chief city of the Department of the Loire Inférieure, included many distinguished Englishmen from the neighborhood of Lulworth and elsewhere. He left it on July 24 for Meleray, where one of the first novices he received was a poor sailor who had crossed the Channel with them and who was led by the very appearance of the religious on board to become a Trappist. The installation of the Abbot took place on Thursday, August 7, 1817, when the Abbé Bodinier delivered an eloquent discourse in which he said: "After many years of tribulations and afflictions, a generous and hospitable nation received you in its midst. The lofty protection it accorded you, the lively interest and even respect it testified, acquired for it claims upon your gratitude. You have discharged that sacred debt in giving it a sublime idea of the Roman faith and examples of all the virtues to be imitated. Pious and faithful souls of that celebrated island which had the happiness of so long possessing you, will also long remember the holy exercises in which you delighted; those divine chaunts that animated your solitude, that profound recollectedness which had something heavenly in it, all the fervour of those good religious under your careful direction, of whom you were less the head than the father, that heroic penitence they saw daily renewed before their eyes, and which they never tired of daily admiring. Even our separated brethren, who could not withhold their esteem and whom you astonished by so many austerities, will speak of you with affection; and the touching remembrance of so many virtues they witnessed, so many pious observances with which they were impressed, so many practices they learnt to know, will

not soon be lost upon them. It will be perpetuated from generation to generation; and perhaps one day this precious memory, in leading to salutary reflections upon a religion capable of inspiring such great sacrifices, will move their disturbed minds and awaken in their hearts the first longings for a return to unity." The Abbot, in reply, said: "It is not without a sweet emotion that after having quitted that land you so justly call hospitable land—that land which, for twenty-five years, with an unwavering kindness and generosity has protected us, has provided for all our wants, has kept us in peace during those dark days, those days of horror and confusion—it is not, I say, without a sweet emotion we find ourselves back in France, in our own country, in that land which had banished us and which we always loved; in one of its finest provinces which receives us with alacrity and kindness, and in one of those antique monuments of the faith and piety of our fathers, which Providence seems to have snatched from those destructive hands that took a pleasure in overturning all the abodes of religion and virtue, to prepare for us a tranquil dwelling place. We bless it, that Providence, always admirable in its works, for having led us, as by the hand into one of those monasteries of St. Bernard, in one of those houses of the Cistercian Order, formerly so celebrated both through the sanctity of their founder and the piety of those who inhabited them. And we, too, glory in being Cistercians, in belonging to that family so illustrious in the Church which has trodden so closely in the footsteps of its first fathers. It is only the decadence of morals and the degradation of our times that makes our life seem extraordinary. We are only distant followers of the examples our teachers have given us; our Constitutions are not recent, and our holy reformer, the celebrated Abbot De Rancé, has not, in reuniting us, imposed new laws, he has only reproduced ancient practices and removed the rust with which time had insensibly covered them. We are nothing, then, but a reunion of sinners and penitents, clothed in the habit of penitence. Disillusioned of the world, its allurements and its follies, and penetrated, on the other hand, with the great truths of religion, we come to seek rest in retreat and silence, to meditate on those sublime truths which alone can procure for man some solid consolation in this life, while ensuring his happiness in the other. Elevated on the holy mountain, far from whirlwinds and storms, we feel, by our own experience, what happiness it is to serve Him who said 'my yoke is sweet and my burden is light.' The greatest interests that move men, ambition, avarice, cupidity, jealousy, are banished from our cloisters; we only form one single family of brothers who, assembled under the same roof, and united by ties of

the tenderest charity, say with the king-prophet: *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!"*

Although the origin of the French monastery of Melleray in Brittany is envolved in some obscurity, traditions the most worthy of credence ascribe its foundation, in 1145, to religious sent by Foulques, Abbot of Poutron in Anjou, a house of English origin, situate at some distance from the city of Angers and an offshoot of the abbey of Loroux established in 1134. It is a singular conjunction of events that English monks should found a house near Nantes, and that seven centuries afterwards, French monks, long exiled in England, should return with religious of that nation, to reoccupy that very abbey. According to tradition the Poutron monks went to Citeaux to get orders from their superior to form a new house. It is well known that these religious always sought by preference solitary places. When they arrived in the woods of Melleray their selection was fixed; it only remained to find a suitable site. Failing to obtain food or shelter from the country folk, they sought shelter under a great tree in the midst of which wild bees had made their hive and a honeycomb. A pretty legend traces to this the genesis of the name Melleray—*mellis alvearium.* The lives of the saints of Brittany contain some references to the abbey of Melleray, the first abbot of which was installed in 1132 by Alain, seigneur of Maidon (now Moisdon); the abbatial church being consecrated fifty years later, in 1183, by Robert, Bishop of Nantes, and Guy Hende, Bishop of Vannes, in presence of the then abbot, Geoffroi. An almost complete list of the successive abbots and the time of their government was preserved in the archives of the States of Brittany up to the revolution of 1793. It is believed that St. Bernard visited this abbey, which was partly renewed and often reconstructed, but was still in a bad state when Abbot Anthony Saulnier became its restorer. Twelve years after he had crossed the Channel with fifty-seven religious, the community, composed of French, English, Irish, Spanish, Belgians, Piedmontese, Scotch, Swiss, etc., had increased to ninety-two. His happiness consisted in governing them like a good father; and his rule, at once firm and mild, soon formed them into a patriarchal family. His personal influence effected many remarkable conversions. He was not only a contemplative, a man of prayer and meditation, but a worker. At Lulworth he had developed a talent for agriculture and was regarded by the people as one of the best farmers in the country. Seeing himself at the head of a numerous colony for whose wants he had to make provision, he recalled the laborious lives of the first solitaries and how much France in particular was indebted to the monks for immense clear-

ances, and, following in their wake, introduced improved methods of agriculture and industrial pursuits which, while keeping the religious safely employed, added to the revenues of the house and, what he valued more, enabled him to increase his alms. Not only the stables, the fields and the meadows showed evidence of his untiring activity, but the gardens; several rich land-owners sending their young men to the abbey to acquire a better knowledge of gardening. On arriving at Melleray, after traversing the almost sterile sandy soil and the woods that surrounded the monastery, one wondered at suddenly seeing a kind of oasis, or rather a terrestrial paradise. Almost all the agricultural societies deemed it an honour to count the abbot among their members; the government wished to recompense the author of so many notable ameliorations; and through the intermediary of the Duke de Doudauville, twenty-four pupils were sent to Melleray to receive object lessons in the best methods of agriculture and horticulture. This convent, active and silent, although assembling a little world of workers, was directed by a word, a gesture from the Superior who governed it without any effort and with his wonted kindliness. It had become the Clairvaux of later times, in which strangers admired, as of yore in St. Bernard's monastery, a profound silence, broken only by the noise of the instruments of labour and the voices of the monks chaunting the praises of God.

Although the Trappists never leave their monastery to mount the pulpit, at the urgent request of the Knights of St. Louis and the Bishop of Nantes, Abbot Anthony, on March 22, 1820, preached the funeral oration on the Duke de Berry, a scion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, then looked upon as "the hope of France." He had been assassinated as he left the opera house when, turning to his wife, he said: "Menagez vous, ma chère, pour l'enfant que vous portez." The child she then bore was the late Count de Chambord, to whom French legitimists did homage as Henry V, and who was called "the child of miracle." On June 30, 1828, the widowed Duchess visited the monastery. It was not the first time he had done the honours to royalty, for, in 1814, Princess Charlotte, then twenty-two, had visited the Trappists at Lulworth, when she was sojourning at Weymouth; repeating the visit in 1815. On the first occasion the visit was almost incognito. Dom Anthony, despite his respect for members of the royal family, and as yet unaware of the favour accorded to princesses of penetrating with their suite into the interior of monasteries, felt constrained to accord her a reception not quite to his liking. But on the second visit advantage was taken of the

old privilege granted to female royalists by the Popes; and, although she hesitated at the threshold, she was persuaded to pass beyond the enclosure; too honoured, she said, to find herself in a place where, before her, no woman had entered. Shortly after, on her return to Weymouth, she sent the Abbot a munificent gift with a letter full of expressions of esteem. In receiving the Duchess de Berry, he said: "The severe austerity of our rules is relaxed in your presence; at your voice, our doors, closed to all others, open, and our barriers are moved to give free passage to the daughter of Kings. Under your auspices this renascent community should, like the lilies, flourish and grow. In that you will imitate many illustrious princesses to whom you are akin much more by the splendour of your virtues than by the blood which flows in your veins: Blanche of Castille, Jeanne of Navarre, Anne of Brittany, Anne of Austria and many others, who have regarded as the greatest appanage of their grandeur and the noblest use of their power to found, multiply and perpetuate these religious monuments, as necessary in the immoral age in which we live, which serve at once as retreats for the repentant and refuges for the innocent; under the shadow of which ravens as well as timid doves come to seek and find tranquillity and peace."

But the tranquillity and peace of Melleray was soon to be disturbed and the cross of suffering and exile reimposed on the monks. By an appropriate coincidence it was preceded and foreshadowed by the gift of a memento of the august exile, Pius VI, the *Peregrinus Apostolicus* of the St. Malachy legendary prophecy. This was the mantle which that Pontiff, exiled by the Revolution in 1798 and imprisoned at Valence, gave to François Trouard de Riolles of Pont-à-Mousson, and which was transmitted to Dom Anthony by the Bishop of Rochelle.

The sudden uprising in Paris in July, 1830, the dethronement of Charles X and the accession to power of Louis Philip, "the citizen King," together with the expansion of the liberalist movement, enabled him to foresee impending disaster. In casting about for a place of refuge for the foreign religious who formed a portion of his community, he decided upon a foundation in Ireland. Writing to the Archbishop of Dublin, he said: "The events which have taken place in France for some months, which your Lordship knows as well as I do; those which still threaten this unfortunate kingdom, and which are not less directed against religion than against the monarchy, have made me seriously think, in the presence of God, of the preservation of the precious and interesting colony He has been pleased in His goodness to confide to my care, despite my weakness and unworthiness. I have cast a terrified glance over all

Europe; for almost everywhere I have found insurrection and discord in a state of ferment. Ireland has appeared to me, at this moment, one of the countries the most immune from revolutionary movements. The greater portion of its inhabitants are Catholics, their attachment to the religion of their ancestors is well known; the emancipation they have so long and so justly claimed has been at length accorded to them, and seems to guarantee the tranquillity of that country which, moreover, in its spiritual needs, is governed by prelates whose zeal is equal to their piety. Finally, my Lord, a decisive consideration is that in our house composed, at present, of nearly 180 religious, choir religious and lay brothers, there are about 80 of Irish nationality. One thing alone, my Lord, stopped me; it was the lack of pecuniary resources. Most of the brethren who have joined us, have only brought us their good will. The repairs and additions to be made to the abbey of Melleray, of the Order of Citeaux, which we have been obliged to purchase, and the maintenance of a numerous family, had exhausted our slender means and none remained to send a portion of our brethren to lay the foundations of a new monastery in a foreign land. But the good God, rich in mercy, and whose Providence has constantly watched over us since the first troubles in France, has, at this moment, given us a new proof of it, which is not less touching, not less visible than those which its goodness has already bestowed upon us. Some pious Irish Christians of both sexes, particularly very respectable persons of your diocese, offer to contribute, and display the greatest eagerness and the liveliest desire to see a Trappist monastery established in Ireland. By this spirit, my lord, I have recognized the worthy descendants of those men who formerly covered Ireland with their pious foundations and who, above all, testified such interest in the monks of Citeaux, in the children of St. Bernard. I have felt it my duty to respond to such a generous appeal; but what has confirmed me in this resolution has been the assurance given me that their lordships, the Bishops of Ireland, your Lordship in particular, would see such an establishment made with the liveliest interest, and sustain it with their high and powerful protection. It is that which has determined me to send at once the Rev. Father Ryan, for several years prior of our abbey of Melleray, and the Rev. Father Malachy, religious and guest-master of the same monastery. The Father Prior, my Lord, will have the honor of explaining to you our position, our designs and the offers made us, details of which cannot be compressed into a brief letter. I beg your friendly and good offices for him, and doubt not that, under your auspices, this undertaking, which, in the last analysis, has

no other object but the glory of God and the salvation of souls, will prosper and bring forth abundant fruits. May our wishes be realized, my Lord! May, by this happy concurrence—for your worthy co-operators, the respectable missioners either assembled in the capital or dispersed throughout your diocese, and even in the rest of the kingdom, seem to take the same interest in it—may, I say, Ireland, once more present the spectacle of that fervour, that piety which has distinguished it among all the Catholic nations of the world! May, in these latter times, in these days of mourning and general apostacy, the children of St. Bernard and the venerable Abbot de Rancé, repeople again your solitudes, and console the Church for the losses it daily deplores, and which seem leading us to those unhappy times when our Divine Master announced faith would no longer be found on earth!"

The dispersion of a large portion of the community took place in 1831, in consequence of malicious misrepresentations made to the Government by misguided persons. In a paternal letter to his religious confined in the General Hospital of St. James at Nantes, the Abbot wrote: "My beloved brethren and children, I share in your affliction and sufferings most sympathetically; I wish it was in my power to offer myself to suffer in your stead. But take courage; remember what the Gospel we read yesterday of the feast of all the saints of Our Order says: 'Blessed are those who suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' I thank God from the bottom of my heart for the fortitude and courage with which you endure this unjust and severe trial; but continue to place all your confidence in Him. It is very glorious for you now to bear the illustrious and honourable title of confessors of the faith; make yourselves worthy of such a grand name by your entire submission to the holy will of God. Bless those who persecute you, far from cursing them; remember that all that is fleeting is light, and that the tribulations of this life bear no proportion to the glory that is prepared for you. I do not know if I shall be so happy as to see you again, to clasp you in my arms, in this land of affliction; but I have the firm confidence in God that, through the merits and sacred blood of our Divine Master and Redeemer, Our Lord Jesus Christ, through the protection of our good and loving Mother, the glorious Virgin Mary, and under the guardianship of all the angels and saints, we shall soon be reunited in that everlasting dwelling in which we shall love, praise and adore God for all eternity. It is in these dispositions, my dear and beloved brethren and children, that with a heart rung and with the tenderest affection, praying God to bless you, I give you my sincerest and most paternal benediction."

Through the medium of a letter to a Nantes paper, *l'Ami de l'Ordre,* dated November 21, 1831, he publicly thanked the large number of distinguished persons who had shown sympathy to his religious and showered gifts upon them. "Victims of the most odious denunciations," he wrote, "these gifts are at once a recognition of their innocence and a public tribute of esteem and respect. All classes have joined in offering them; they honour both the hand that gives and that which receives." When, later on, he was urged to try and bring about the restoration of his house, he listened gratefully to the advice, but, having pondered over it, replied in the words of Job: "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: praise be to the name of the Lord!" Being somewhat advanced in age at the time, it was a blow that might have broken down his health or led to his death. But his strength of soul never left him for a moment. So when, after seven years of trials, he had the happiness of being able to reunite his brethren still dispersed in several parts of France, he was seen to suddenly regain his old vigor; he seemed to renew his youth like the eagle; and, up to the eve of his death, this venerable old man did not show the slightest sign of intellectual or moral feebleness, as often occurs in the aged who have been long tried by troubles. He became, on the contrary, more exact than ever in all the exercises of the community; his happiness was in finding himself at the head of his brethren, and sharing with them the fatigue associated with the duties of their holy state.

After having, by their sufferings, moved the sympathies of the whole Catholic population, from whom they received abundant help of all kinds, on the 19th of November, 1831, they were put on board the corvette *Hébé,* where they had to wait until the 28th for a favorable wind to sail for Cork, which they reached on the 30th, without having been allowed any communication with the land during the delay. Father Vincent, an Irish Trappist, as already noted, had been sent to Ireland in 1830, to seek an asylum for his fellow countrymen of the same Order. Ireland, whose monk-missioners from the fifth to the eighth century had founded the Church in that ancient Catholic nation, for which their virtues and learning had earned the glorious title of "the island of the saints and scholars," longed to see once again monasticism, to which it owed so much, reflourishing in a land studded with monasteries, priories and convents before it was ravished by the Danes or the ruthless hands of the Protestant innovators had demolished them.

After leading a somewhat nomadic life and overcoming several obstacles, they were enabled, through the help of a Protestant gentleman, Sir Richard Keane, who invited them to settle on his estate,

placing 600 acres of uncultivated mountain land at their service, to make a permanent foundation, the first in Ireland since the dissolution. It was at the base of the Knockmaeldown mountain range, not far from the banks of the beautiful Munster Blackwater, called the Irish Rhine:

"Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green
And Abhainn-mor's[5] waters flow."

Everything had to be done on this barren wasteland, and the monks at once set to work to do it. All they found there were a few wooden huts hastily constructed on a hillside; from whence, fortunately, flowed an abundant water supply. Only six persons at most could be lodged in each of these cabins: they enlarged them, made a garden; dug the foundations for a church and monastery, and marked the limits of the land, leased to them by the landlord at a nominal price. They soon had helping hands to share and lighten their labours. Peasants, skilled and unskilled labourers and artisans volunteered as unpaid workers to assist them. They came from all parts; labourers with their pickaxes, masons with their trowels, carpenters with their saws and hatchets. As many as 1500 of these volunteers, headed by their priests, marched to the site, followed by 12 carts laden with provisions. Priests and people joined hands with Cistercians in establishing this monastic colony; while more than 600 women quitted their cottages to fetch their meals to the workers. Over 30 masons aided the monks in building their church. When, in conformity with their Rule, the religious at times suspended their labours for a few moments to raise their thoughts to God in prayer, the workmen fell on their knees and joined them, much to the edification of several Protestants present. This was the origin of the famous Abbey of Mount Melleray, long familiar in the mouths of Irish Catholics as a household word, and now known all over the world, for in its guest house have been hospitably received hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world.

The *Complete Catholic Directory and Almanac* for the year 1838, referring to the state of the Catholic religion in the County of Waterford, says: "Who would not be struck with astonishment in seeing a magnificent temple and all the dependencies of an immense regular abbey, erected in the midst of a solitary country, and surrounded with sombre and sterile mountains that seem to look down with wild admiration at the glorious and most profitable works carried on at their feet! What surprise must the traveller experience on learning that a small number of men, without any means, could

[5] Pronounced Ow-ing-more (ow as ow in cow).

metamorphose an immense stretch of uncultivated and sterile ground into meadows, fields and gardens, which contrasts with a still larger extent of the same ground covered with eternal heathers and presenting the appearance of nature at the dawn of creation, when the brilliant rays of the day star began to drive before them the shades of night. It is incontestibly the greatest phenomenon of our time. Admiration increases more and more when one enters into the details of the immense advantages this heroic enterprise produces; when one sees new farms constructed, commodious dwellings raised, and on all sides, even at a great distance from the abbey, works and industries established."

M. de Feuillide, who published his impressions of a tour in Ireland in 1839, wrote: "Munster has always been, since the invasion of Henry II, the bulwark of nationality, as since the forcible introduction of the Anglican religion, it has been the bulwark of Catholicism, that second nationality of old Erin. So it is that Munster has produced the two most recent representatives of that double nationality—a man and an institution. The man is Daniel O'Connell, the institution is the Trappist convent of Mount Melleray. . . . By its situation, by the hospitality it invariably dispenses to the poor and to travellers, Mount Melleray recalls those hospices that Christian charity has placed on the snowy summits of our Alps. By the schools to which it invites all the children of the poor and where it teaches the old Irish language it recalls those abbatial and cathedral schools in which, in the West, primitive Christianity saved from destruction sacred science and human knowledge. Thus, in association with the Liberator of Ireland, the regular clergy, at once workers and teachers, help, by education and labour, the preachings of the secular clergy. So, after so many centuries of darkness and barbarism, Catholicism marches to the conquest of Irish civilization by the same ways it followed in the middle ages to reconstruct in Europe society broken up by the irruptions of the barbarians."

A short time before his death Dom Anthony received at Melleray a visit from a foreigner whose pusillanimous outlook was thus expressed: "How happy you are, sir, in having no one in the world in whose lot you are obliged to interest yourself! What most dismays me is not to find myself in embarrassments, but it is the dread of one day seeing my family in want. Think of me, the father of several children!" "What!" promptly replied the monk. "You think I am happy because I have no children, you say, like other fathers. Do you make no account of the grief in which I was plunged in 1831 when, by one blow, I lost a portion of my family, a hundred times more numerous than yours? Are not the ties of

friendship and religion equal to those of flesh and blood? Pardon me, sir, if you see me no longer so sad; it is because my children are today very happy; and this thought is more to me than the fortune you dread losing."

As to the important establishment founded in Ireland, he took as much interest in it as in the parent house; he renounced governing it as superior, it is true, but in the very interest of the new monastery, delegating it to Father Vincent, then simply Prior, but who became its first Abbot when, in 1835, Mount Melleray was erected into an abbey, receiving the abbatial benediction from Dr. Abraham, Bishop of Waterford; the first conferred in Ireland since the Reformation. This foundation which struck deep root in congenial soil, has since produced two vigorous offshoots—New Malleray in Dubuque, Iowa, founded in 1849 by Abbot Fitzpatrick, and Mount St. Joseph, Roscrea, founded by Count Arthur Moore, a zealous Irish Catholic land-owner, whose first Abbot, Dr. Beardwood, was inducted by Mgr. (afterwards Cardinal) Persico, Papal Envoy to Ireland in 1887.

During his lifetime Dom Anthony Saulnier had the happiness of seeing, in 1837, the foundation of Mount St. Bernard, at Coalville, Leicester, for which Mr. Ambrose De Lisle, a very devout English Catholic, furnished the site and funds; Lord Shrewsbury contributing about £3000 for its enlargement; and a Trappistine convent at Staphill, Wimborne.

Dom Anthony's death was worthy of his life. It was the fitting close of a laborious and fruitful career. His days had been long in the land; but his old age was exempt from those physical disabilities, from those mental and moral maladies, that usually accompany senility, from

"The darkness that covers the eyeball, the dull ear that's deaf to the song."

He did not suffer from the least diminution of his intellectual faculties; his mind was clear and unclouded to the last. During the short space of time that preceded his death—Saturday, January 5, 1839, eve of the Epiphany, a day specially consecrated to devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whom he so tenderly loved—he had not felt the slightest uneasiness until seven o'clock in the evening, when he painfully prostrated himself on his poor pallet. He had assisted at all the offices of the day; his eyes had lost nothing of their wonted brightness, his step of its customary activity; he spoke with his usual facility, and his conversation was as entertaining as it was edifying. Towards evening a neighboring priest had visited him and he led him to the door of the abbey. For seven years he had

quitted the general dormitory through obedience, and because the obligation of sleeping on bare planks like the other religious had become incompatible owing to weakness in the loins. He, therefore, slept in a separate room for fear of introducing some laxity into the community. A few minutes after seven o'clock he was attacked with violent cramps in the stomach, the pains of which extended to the extremities. He was alone and no one had any suspicion of the state he was in. Even if he could make it known, he would perhaps have said nothing about it, as often happened in similar eventualities. Always intrepid, he struggled energetically against the malady for an hour, when, according to usage, they brought him a light to go to Matins. He rose without saying anything of his sufferings and was proceeding to the church when, his strength being exhausted, he fell in the corridor, unperceived by any one. All the religious had already assembled in choir. He would have died in that spot of pain and cold, if the sound of his fall had not been heard by a monk who had by chance been passing below the corridor. Stretched on the floor, suffering acute pain, and seeing he was about giving up his soul to God without the succors of religion, without the prayers for the agonizing recited at his bedside by his brethren, he made a last act of contrition and of complete submission to the divine will; resigned, in all humility, to die in that total abandonment. But he whose life had been so edifying was to crown it by presenting the spectacle of a truly Christian death. Raised up and carried to his cell, his first thought was to ask for his confessor, although he had been to confession the day before; after which he received the last sacraments with a faith, a piety and a fervour that drew tears from all present. Those tears, mingled with those the dying monk shed when he wept over all the self-imputed faults of his life and asked pardon for whatever scandal he may have given them. When they begged his last blessing, he asked: "Why do you wish for the blessing of a sinner?" He hesitated for a moment and then gave it at their urgent entreaty. They talked to him of the Melleray he had restored, and reminded him of the many mercies the Lord had vouchsafed to him. "Farewell, my children," he said; "don't forget your father. I am going to Purgatory. I can't speak any longer to you; but, once more, forgive me." Three religious remained with him, and lavished upon him all the care he needed. As often happens to a dying person, he seemed to himself to have regained some strength; he asked to be helped to get up and taken to an old armchair. He was hardly seated when, this last remnant of strength being exhausted, he begged to be replaced on his pallet, which was done, when he thanked them affectionately. They had drawn aside

and were preparing something for him, when one of them, going near his bed, found him at the last gasp. A moment afterwards, without a struggle and without any agony, Dom Anthony passed peacefully away. Then was verified in his person what was said of La Trappe: "If it is hard to live there, it is sweet to die there."[6]

R. F. O'Connor.

Dublin, Ireland.

[6] The three Trappist Congregations of the Grande Trappe and Sept Fons in France and Westmalle in Belgium were, in 1894, united by Papal decree under the designation of the Order of Reformed Cistercians. They have increased and multiplied sending out numerous offshoots. A recent publication states that the Order now numbers all over the world 59 houses of men and 18 of religious women.

HEWERS OF STONE

THE building of a great Church is rightly to be called a national event, because it is one that affects, not this generation only or the next, but uncounted generations to come; its influence may well be at its height a thousand years hence; its power is not to be calculated and scarcely to be over-rated. For by what the eye sees is the mind moulded and the heart possessed. Inevitably, too, a national Church will be, among the people who set it up, a standard and a type of religious art, by its visible permanence it becomes a lesson, repeated at all times and to all men. Now the Church-builder of today is beset by a problem unknown to the early architects,—he must choose a "style" among those of the past. Much to our misfortune, much perhaps to our shame, we have no style that we can call our own. Gothic and Byzantine, Romanesque and Barroque, Saracen and Lombard—we must pour over these recorded visions of the dead, and choose by which of them we shall light the living. Having chosen what we conceive to be the "best," we are apt to call the rest "bad," even immoral and "unchristian"; our choice, it may be, merely begins a new chapter in the despairing history of "taste." But let us look back—rapidly—over the story of architecture. Seeing what men have done, or tried to do, and the bitter criticism that has beset them, we may then come to a pause, and ask ourselves whether art may not properly fulfil itself in many forms, and whether "one good custom"—even our own—would not inevitably "corrupt the world" by leaving it stifled and lifeless.

Men must have houses for themselves and their gods, whether wattled huts or palaces of stone and marble. Based on the science of building comes an art, that of architecture, slowly growing, deep-rooted, dealing with matter under complicated forms. so dealing as to impress upon it the "pattern of the mind." Now the pattern of the mind is not merely utility, not merely intelligibility, but beauty. "Well-building," wrote old Sir Henry Wotton, a humanist of the seventeenth century, "hath three conditions, commodity, firmness, and delight."[1] In his recent book, "The Architecture of Humanism," Mr. Geoffrey Scott endeavours to isolate the element of "delight,"

[1] "Elements of Architecture."

spoken of by this old writer, to disentangle it, that is, from other interests, historical, literary and scientific, that have gathered round it to set forth what, in its purity, he conceives the essence of architecture to be when taken precisely and narrowly *as an art.* Whether he succeeds in the constructive part of his book is open to grave question, but his earlier chapters are undoubtedly distinguished by an acute and original criticism. It is very well, in Dr. Johnson's phrase to "clear the mind of cant," that mass of otiose incrusted opinion that gathers, so quickly and imperceptibly, about all the subjects that really interest man. There was much achitectural "cant" to be cleared away. We may admit, then, to the satisfaction of Mr. Scott, that our views about an architectural style may be unjustifiably coloured by our opinions about the men who used it. Gothic architecture—for example—has been held to express the ideas of "ignorant and monkish barbarians," as likewise of the (much idealized) Goth, "firm in his faith and noble in his aspirations." It has been praised as the architectural image of primaeval forests, and on the other hand, as the lucid expression of constructive mathematics; it is said to denote "rude energy" as well as "dreaming piety." It can hardly "express" all of these things at the same time. We may admit further, that architecture is not beautiful because it is of good construction, and displays that construction with an obviousness that has been gravely described as "truth." For all the pressures of a Gothic spire—to take an instance—are downwards, whereas its much-applauded merit is that it appears to "soar"; and a dome is held to beautiful, although the chains that bind it into shape are not only unseen by the spectator, but their very existence is usually unsuspected. Moreover, the definition of architectural beauty as "truthfully displayed construction" applies with perfect aptitude to many of the factories and railway stations that deform our towns. There has been also in the criticism of architecture an "ethical fallacy" which led many excellent persons to look as it were for architectural guidance in the Book of Lamentations, and to enlist the opinions of the prophets, more eloquent perhaps than precise, on the buildings of Palladio. The description of a style as "in its moral nature corrupt," as "base, unnatural, unenjoyable and impious, pagan in its origin, proud and unholy in its revival,"[2] seems to lay upon stone a significance that does not belong to it.

It must be held, then, I think, that neither literary, scientific, nor moral values suffice as a standard whereby to judge any art; the pertinent "value" here is the aesthetic one. We ask of architecture

[2] Ruskin: "Stones of Venice," v. iii., ch. 2, para. 4, and v. viii., ch. iv., para. 35.

to give us beautiful buildings, and if the rather recondite beauty proper to this art—it has been called "frozen music"—requires a well-disciplined taste for its appreciation, that need not surprise us. There is beauty scattered broadcast in the world, to be seen of all men and "understanded of the people," but there is another beauty to be grasped only by the elect, the artist and the connoisseur of art, and the "elect" in this sense are necessarily the few. But, as even Mr. Scott admits, great art is distinguished from that which is merely aesthetically clever by a "nobility which in its final analysis is moral, or rather the nobility which in life we call moral is itself aesthetic."[3] There is, in fact, a true *analogy* between ethical and aesthetic values, and the Mass, Space, Line, and Coherence that are the language of architecture have qualities that easily suggest certain of the values we attach to life. Moreover, no one will deny that good construction, when fitly displayed, affords a satisfaction of its own; still less will it be disputed that the historical, literary, and romantic associations that gather round the various "styles" greatly enhance for us their interest. If we love Greek literature, we shall probaby have a tenderness for the "Orders." We do not, in fact, look with "equal minds" upon a Greek temple and a Gothic Church; our view of architecture is partly encumbered, but also partly enriched, by the manifold associations that gather round this great art. So much concession as this must be made to the wrong headed persons criticised, with a great deal of justice, by Mr. Scott. Let us now, the ground being largely cleared, proceed to our task.

European Architecture goes back through Rome to Greece, and if Fergusson[4] be right, we must seek an eastern and non-Aryan origin for all our art. However, this may be, we begin our consideration with Greek architecture and with the Doric Parthenon. In Greece we have the purest and most intellectual style ever devised, and in the Parthenon that building which is the special glory even of Greece. Many a reproduction has made us all familiar with its aspect. The vast entablature, built of great blocks that reach from centre to centre of the shafts, is made almost delicate to the eye, in spite of its gigantic size, by its clean-cut mouldings and clear outlines; and the shafts, elastic and vigorous, carry their burden with a kind of vital ease, their strength, closely taxed, is plainly seen to be abundant. This is not the place to describe the subtle devices—curving of "straight" lines, deflection of "vertical" ones—by which the Greek builders obtained, in spite of the laws of perspective, effects that satisfy the eye. The undertaking was so difficult and needed

[3] G. Sedt: "Architecture of Humanism," p. 161. (London, 1914.)
[4] "History of Architecture," v. i.

such exquisiteness of calculation and adjustment, that only a people with phenomenal fineness of vision could have carried it through. But when we speak of lucidity, design, proportion, harmony, subtle restraint, of the perfect ordering of parts to the whole, we seem to be analyzing the ford "Greek"; for Mass, Line and Space, as used by Greek artists, were invested with these qualities. The result was a beauty properly called intellectual, and by a true analogy, moral. No doubt the conception was purely aesthetic, but the interpretation of it carries us, by analogy, almost into the religion of the cardinal virtues. Of Greek colour, variety and splendour, we have less notion than is desirable; for we have but the faded ruins of the past, grey ghosts of temples once radiant, vacant streets once filled with shimmering life,—the gold is dim, the blue and crimson have lost their fire, but we know that the Greeks touched even marble with colour, and we can guess what colour must have been in the incomparable atmosphere of Attica. Are we to say that Greek architecture is all achievement and monotonous perfection—"faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null"; that it expresses no aspiration and is unfit for Christian use? Such things have been said. But we may ask—can it be that any beautiful building is unfit for Christian uses, and can the special character of that beauty which seems to express—albeit analogically—the calm of assurance, the conviction of ideals and of their permanent validity, be alien to the Christian mind? Aspiring to Heaven, Christianity is mightily concerned with man upon this earth. Now Greek thought made man the measure of all things. It was preoccupied with the perfection of his body, and the endowments of his mind. Greek art, with its noble forms, was perhaps part of the preparation of the world for the Incarnation. Greek religion built temples for the dwelling of God, in human form, with man. It has often seemed to the present writer that there are aspects of Christianity best realized through a study of Greek art.

The ancient, non-Aryan, Etruscan race left indelible traces on the art of Rome—massive building, incomparable strength. In bridge, drain and aqueduct, the Romans used the arch which the Etruscans had bestowed; to their solid construction they added later such of the Greek ideas as appealed to them. For when Carthage had been laid low and Greece overrun, Greek artists came to Italy, and there was, under the early Emperors, a building-period unsurpassed anywhere for fertile energy. Roman architecture has been greatly underrated—to Fergusson it seems little less than "a gorgeous and melancholy catastrophe"—and Roman art has been widely despised. But it seems unlikely that an art that satisfied Michaelangelo and

Raphael can be really "a catastrophe." Bishop Hurd's words are to the point: "If you judge Gothic architecture by Grecian rules, you find nothing but deformity; but when you examine it by its own rules, the result is quite different."[5] So here. Grecian rules are not for Roman art. The Romans, however, must not complain if they are often judged by their own words. When a man like Cicero[6] can say that he heard only by chance of the famous sculptors, Myron and Polyclitos, whilst he was in Sicily hunting up evidence for a lawsuit, and wonders that the Greeks should take delight in the things that "we" despise, he is witness to an incredible lack of culture in Rome itself, where such sayings could be even tolerated. But we have a right to protest when we are told that Roman architecture "daunts us by its sheer size and strength, the endurance of its iron concrete, the insolent display of its brilliant and showy decoration, but that it stands for "Rome's lack of lucidity and logic, Rome's dullness of inward vision, and vulgarity of soul."[7] Let it be granted that Roman art is not the art of the "golden mean," of restraint and intellectual coherence, as the Greeks understood it. Neither is Gothic, and yet it is not, on that account, to be cast into outer darkness. No man—not even Phidias—is pure intellect; *a fortiori* the mass of men are not so made. But the Roman was, *par excellence,* the man who could deal with men, whether barbarian or civilized; the fabric of the Empire was his main achievement, and no Empire is built by "lucidity and logic." Is there, then, to be no art of power, strength, and magnificence? These enter into the "pattern of the mind," as conceived by the Romans; in this sense they dealt with Mass, Line and Space, impressing upon them qualities that can still awe the most modern of minds—if unbiased by handbooks. The Colosseum may be "lacquered" with inappropriate Greek orders—does that really detract from its rhythmic grandeur of line? The Pantheon confronts us, sombre and splendid with its columned facade; within, its dome has the space of the very sky itself; it is one of the noblest works of man. Piranesi's sensational engravings of classical Rome, as he saw it in the eighteenth century, give as nothing else seems to do, the atmosphere of a city as solid as Egypt, as gorgeous as Assyria, devastated, but not dead, keeping even in its ruins, a darkened beauty and a sombre pride. Nor are we to forget that Rome took from Greece—and perfected—the Corinthian capital, inventing no less than fifty varieties of it, and in sculpture, it was Roman

[5] "Letters on Chivalry and Romance." (Dublin, 1762, p. 36.)
[6] In Ver. II., l. iv., c. 60.
[7] "Works of Man." Lisle March Phillips, p. 130-1. (London, 1914.)

artists who conceived the beautiful and melancholy type of Antinöus. Christianity is neither a philosophy nor an aesthetic sentiment; it is a vast, organized, hieratic power, set to deal with men and nations. Founded on sheer miracle, it fulfills itself in undeniable law; based upon spiritual authority, it has all the "materiality" of an earthly empire. The Roman Empire was, in some ways, a prototype of the Catholic Church. Roman Architecture, then, has its innate congruousness with a religion that governs, and was meant to govern, the people of the earth. The visitor who lingers long in Rome, comes to realize in what sense St. Peter's—the central Church of Christendom and called by the name of its first earthly ruler—is the heir of the Pantheon and the Judgment Hall of Constantine.

The austere and delicate Rome of the early Church traces its descent from the house of Pudens, which St. Peter consecrated as a place of Sacrifice. Building for themselves, after the freedom of the Church, Christian architects took the Basilica or Judgment Hall as their type—its nave aisles and apse are repeated in almost all the early Churches. Not that we are to conceive of the Christian architects as beginning where the Pagan left off. It was rather that the ideas and needs of Christianity were, all along, modifying architecture, so that the reign of Constantine merely marks a striking moment in a transition practically complete. Rome itself was, of course, the centre of Pagan power, the dying faith clung to the Imperial authority and urged it to savage excesses in defense of hearth and altar. It was only the Edict of Milan, in A. D. 313, that put an end to persecution, and let Christians feel that they had a share in the daylight. But in the provinces—in Gaul and Africa and Syria—where comparative freedom had been gained much earlier, we find the true "Basilican" style used for Churches long before the era of ecclesiastical building could begin in the Capital itself. The recent discovery in Rome of a Basilica near Porta Maggiore, underground and dating probably from the first century,[8] proves this, at least, that the fitness of this style for certain religious purposes was early recognized. For the Roman Temple was not fitted for all the uses of Christianity, providing as it did only a dwelling for the god and a place of sacrifice. Christians needed besides, a place for preaching, as well as a spacious building where men could meet for all sorts of ecclesiastical business. In the apse of the Basilica therefore, where the Prætor and his assessors had been wont to sit, the Bishop—and in Rome the Pope—was enthroned in the midst of his clergy. The altar before the

[8] It seems more probable that we have here a Pagan building.

apse, whereon the pious Pagan had poured libations before and after business, became the altar of Divine Sacrifice; the space around and behind it, railed off from the nave, was a "presbytery" or sanctuary. We have lost the finest of the early Basilicas. By destruction and by fire, old St. Peter's and old St. Paul's, with their immemorial glories, perished, but there remains to us Santa Maria Maggiore, Sant' Agnese, and San Lorenzo *fuori,* with many a smaller Church, to show us the true Basilica construction. In Rome, after the Edict of Milan, the temples of faith grown grey and shrivelled were boldly pillaged for the adornment of Christ's new Churches. Antique columns that had stood, perhaps, in some temple of terrible rites, were gathered together and set into new ranks; cornices that had frowned in an evil weariness from their high places, were brought into new service; the new apses were spread with mosaic of gold and colour, the floors gleamed with carpets of precious marbles. It is with pride and tenderness that the sojourner in Rome looks back, and sees the young Church, who had dwelt so long in darkness, clothing herself with the garment of beauty that of right belonged to her. But in spite of the force of fresh ideas and the flowing of new life, the "Romanesque" style in the West scarcely reached a due development, and it is to Ravenna and the East that we must turn to see it expanding and beginning to learn both harmonious proportions and lovely decoration. The design of the mind, however, was not fixed. We seem to see men groping, taking what comes to hand, using what instinct told them had a true significance, but simple rather than broad in their view of what was fitting to be done, influenced now by Greek tradition, now by that of the East, and presently answering the call of their own Roman blood. Mr. Hillaire Belloc[9] insists that the Roman Empire never "fell," in the sense of Gibbon, but underwent slow internal transformation. In the same way, Roman architecture did not "fall," but received, during many centuries, ever fresh infusions of a new spirit.

But it was in the Eastern Empire that there sprang from the earth a sort of miracle of architecture, fit to rank with Greek Parthenon and Roman Pantheon, the Church of the Holy Wisdom —Sancta Sophia, as we say—in Constantinople; and from A. D. 530, the date of its building, it had, for another thousand years, no peer, not even a rival. Constantine's great new Capital was made, in many respects, in the likeness of Rome. Justinian, the builder of Sancta Sophia, was a typical imperial ruler, but the "Romans" of the Eastern Empire had the good fortune to be, in

[9] v. "Europe and the Faith."

many cases, of good Greek blood, and Constantinople itself, built on the site of a Greek colony, was full of Hellenic Culture. Now the builders of Romanesque in the East before 530, had accepted far more thoroughly than their Western brothers the use of arched construction. In their building of round Churches, they had experimented with the dome—thus was preparation made for the "sudden miracle" that followed. Mr. Lisle Phillips [10] looks upon the Sancta Sophia as a formal criticism, by Greek minds, upon the structural ideas of the whole Roman era—perhaps he is right. At any rate, we have in Justinian's Church with which, as he said, he had conquered Solomon" a work of pure genius. The Romans had used arch dome and vault, more as structural features than as structural principles. Their domes and vaults of concrete cannot, of course, be regarded as arched *construction* at all. But the builders of Sancta Sophia, seizing upon the structural nature and manifold possibilities of the arch, used it with amazing ease and fertility of ideas. Without many diagrams, it is impossible to give an idea of the perfection with which the principle of the arch—including in that phrase the dome and the vault—is carried out through every part of the building. In unfolding curves, from small domes, semi-domes, and sections of domes, the design mounts in perfect rhythm to that deep central cupola, swung with such airy lightness over the wide spaces of the Church, that it seems, as Procopius wrote, to be suspended from heaven by a golden chain.

In Sancta Sophia for the first time, the arch principle is developed with Greek insight into its essence, with Greek sense of unity in the design to which it is the key, and with results of power and beauty that recall the radiance of Periclean art. The Greek mind, after a thousand years, is reborn eternally the same, its appeal is always to the finest faculties of man. Strip this Church of its precious marbles and mosaics—its essential beauty would be even more apparent. But Sancta Sophia stands alone—the latter Byzantine buildings are not its legitimate heirs.

St. Mark's, Venice, the type of these, makes its potent appeal less to the intellect than to the senses. This huge cave, hollowed with all its vaults out of dull gold, dim and smouldering with Eastern colour, has a structure which is passive, almost inert, heavy piers and flat concrete domes in place of Sancta Sophia's leaping curves and floating cupola. It is Roman structure fused with Eastern sentiment, solemn in effect, powerful, obscure, its melancholy seems of the senses, its assuagement is assuredly of the imagination. Through these it appeals to the emotions—to those complex facul-

[10] "Works of Man," p. 135.

ties that have their life in awe and delight, in foreboding and in love, that respond with incredible swiftness to the mystery of colour and of darkened splendour. The Catholic Church, neither Pagan nor Puritan, but full of a great humanism, has always been ready to admit these influences, and to use them to her own ends.

Romanesque was to expire in giving birth to Gothic, but the process needed five centuries of tentative effort and struggle. Perhaps we may say that the reign of Pope Gregory the Great—the end of the sixth century—marks roughly the transition from Romanesque to something that may be called Pre-Gothic. In France, and especially in a series of Provincial towns beginning with Avignon and ending with Arles, we can watch a progress from debased Roman forms, to a natural style, rich and exuberant, classic in structural features, but full of what we can recognize as a "Gothic" spirit. In Italy, this spirit invaded the North. The South, roughly speaking, followed the Byzantine tradition; Rome, as might be expected, stood like a rock in the midst of shifting tides—unbreakably Roman. Suggested, it may very well be, by structural exigencies which it enabled the builders to meet, the use of the pointed arch caused a revolution in architecture. No change could be well more striking, than that from composed Romanesque to eager Gothic. The arch—say the Arabs—never sleeps, and Gothic pointed architecture is, literally, strength continually in action; "less a style"—says Mr. Lisle Phillips, "than a fight!" There is truth in this. Look at any Gothic Cathedral, and consider how each portion of the structure is really in furious action. The ponderous weight of the roofs, swung sidewise by the thrust of their vaults, threatens to tear the whole structure asunder and is only checked by the pressure of other vaults bearing in an opposite direction. The side Chapels and aisles bear heavily against the forces of nave and chancel. The lofty flying buttresses encounter other thrusts as high, it may be, as the very eaves of the roof, guiding them downward until they meet the earth. The Gothic builders let loose gigantic forces, and dealt with them in broad daylight, without a thought of concealment. Many a Gothic Church seems to be—and is—surrounded by a forest of props. Inside, in a lofty nave and soaring choir, a complexus of stone lines literally *under*lines the structural values of the style. The whole system of sharp divided mouldings, clustered shafts, and vaulting ribs serves to convey to the eye the sense of motion and vitality which are really there, and result from the unquenchable energy of the arch. Towards the end of the twelfth century in England, but earlier in France, there begins the creative epoch of the Northern peoples. We come into the brave, gay, robust life

of the Middle Ages, new nations, new tongues, crusades, chivalry, guilds, the feudal system, the free towns, the preaching Friars. Now the word Gothic is said by recent writers to convey nothing as to the origin of the Gothic style. I believe, on the contrary, that it conveys a great deal—that is if we chose to translate it in the old way by the word "barbarian." For where the barbarian blood ran strongly, there this great "barbarian" style flourished, and where the ancient "civilized" blood of Rome flowed, there the new style could get no root. This is not to depreciate the glories of Gothic—York and Rheims, Lincoln and Amiens are, of course, supreme achievements—but it is to point out a "difference" in glory. The energy of Gothic structure, the candid imagination of its sculptures, the pure splendours of its painted glass, all these things seem to have upon them the stamp of youth. Now youth, passionate and romantic, cannot properly be said to think—it feels and acts instead. The arch that "never sleeps" is the fit symbol of the northerner who, as the Latin races say, is "never old," whose blood calls perpetually for some fresh adventure. The cult of the pure idea is not Gothic, still less the contemplation of it. The "golden mean" seemed, in the spare North, merely a confession of poverty. We must not look to Gothic for an appeal to "pure" reason, but we find in it what neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Byzantine can give us. Born of action, it is a call to action; its beauty is—so to speak—dynamic, as of some noble being walking swiftly in the fulness of strength. Is Gothic "Christian"? Undoubtedly it was set up by Christians for Christian uses; but if there is no more than an analogy between the "values" of architecture and those of life. there can be but the shadow of analogy when it comes to a question of the supernatural. Faith, hope and charity are not to be expressed in "high embowered roof and antique pillar massy proof," though in the pictorial arts —associated with Gothic sculpture and glass—we may find abundant evidence of the devout minds of their makers. By analogy, the dynamic beauty of Gothic structure may suggest to us human striving; we may—if we so chose—go on to think of the soul's supernatural warfare; but let us beware of pressing such points as these, as they have been pressed, to absurdities.

So far then we have come. We have followed, in thought, the great classical tradition, and seen it break under the onset of the new and vigorous Gothic. It seemed for a time that the old civilization of Europe was to be superseded by another. But Europe was full of Roman blood, the Catholic Church had its centre in Rome; after the long and many-coloured dreams of the Middle Ages, Europe awoke among the currents of the Renaissance. It was a

natural awakening, a natural return to the springs of the ancient culture. If the soil had but lain a little deeper on the Roman ruins, we might have seen the genius of the Latin race working out a style that would have had in it nothing of imitation, however closely akin to that of the classic past. As it was, Renaissance architecture was held in certain bonds; the fervour of the humanists for the "Antique" led, in many directions, to a literal reproduction of it. We may deplore the fact, we may regret that, at this time, Greek influence was not more in the ascendant, but we can afford to ignore these drawbacks. What is of real account in the Renaissance is its cult of ideas, its disinterested passion for art, its science of life, its aim at universality. Men became again, in a noble sense, humanists. There ensued one of those building-periods that seem to come upon the world like the springing of a rich harvest from unsuspected seed, and the centre of all this activity was—Rome. Renaissance Architecture has, essentially, the same qualities as classical architecture, the classical "spirit" being here weaker, there stronger, and of course, everywhere mingled with other influences. The architecture of the first period, that of the Counter-Reformation in Rome,[11] from about 1560 to 1625, is one of fine proportions and austere adornment. In 1568, Vignola built, for the Jesuits, the famous Church of the Gesu, and it became a type and model for innumerable others. Structurally, it consists of an extremely wide nave, covered with a barrel vault. In place of aisles are rows of side-Chapels, intercommunicating; the apse is very shallow, and so are the transepts; a dome rises over the point where nave and transepts intersect. It is sober, Roman design, directed to practical needs. Churches were urgently required, and it was desirable that the people should be able to hear sermons, and follow the Liturgy with ease—hence a noble spaciousness, and an altar readily visible from all parts of the edifice. On every available space of apse, dome, and wall, pictures were painted, for the more vivid teaching of religious truth. But, following on this rather Puritan art, came that of the seventeenth century—Baroque. It is a great period, full of original power, full therefore of extraordinary interest. Pope Sixtus V, austere reformer though he was, devoted untold wealth to building; Paul V, Urban VIII, Innocent X, Alexander VII, with more than imperial munificence, "patronized" the arts; to be a competent artist was a passport to their highest favours; in their eyes no splendour was too splendid for the adorning of the "Alma Urbs." There arose a strange new architecture, in which some have seen an

[11] Almost all Counter-Reformation Churches were decorated later in the Baroque manner.

attempt to unite northern sentiment with classic thought, which was practised enthusiastically by great men—Bernini, Boromini, Pietro da Cortona—which delighted an age and people steeped in the finest artistic traditions, which had even been called "the architecture of architects," so great its technical merits. But it has had the misfortune not to please Mr. Ruskin, and is usually judged by standards to which it never tried to conform, and by principle it did not acknowledge. Nevertheless, it was to this music, so to speak, that the Church, now triumphant after the castrophe of the Reformation, sang her new song, and it behooves us to understand at least what that music was. The Catholic visitor to Italy, above all other men, should endeavour to look at Renaissance art with unprejudiced eyes. Unhappily, if English-speaking, he has, as a rule, taken his opinions wholesale from Ruskin, a bitterly Protestant and fanatically "Gothic" writer, who can find no tolerance at all for the Church who accepted the Council of Trent with one hand, while she put up Baroque buildings with the other. The "foul torrent of the Renaissance," as he chooses to call it, ruined forever, in his opinion, both art and religion, as well as most other things and people.

Baroque may be named the "architecture of taste," in this sense—that it founded itself on sheer design. By preference, it used dynamic design, that is, it suggested through its architecture and sculpture, a sense of overflowing vigour and exultant strength. Now design is a matter of rhythm and harmony, that harmony and rhythm which in architecture is well likened to "frozen music." Construction was taken for granted by the Baroque builders, they did not insist that it should dictate the lines of their symphony; utility was secured, but not the price—so to speak—of an inharmonious chord. Their architecture was vigorous and stable and looked so; but they considered the question of fact and appearance separately. Hence their facades—often marvels of design—which they treated after the fashion of "reredos," and raised high above the roof of the building whose "front wall" they are. Hence their curves which delight the eye by their grace and variety; hence, too, the "false" windows and imitation of materials. It is the merit of the Baroque architects that they saw clearly the independence of design, and carried to logical conclusions principles really latent in every style. It is probable that few people realize the extent to which they have been admiring what is not admirable, except on "Baroque" principles. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral and the dome of St. Peter's are examples. The spire, charged with exquisite vitality, springing in long eager lines, tapering to an intense point, delights us by its soaring grace. What is it in reality? An extremely heavy mass of stone, bearing

inertly on its supports, and ultimately on the earth. Every suggestion, conveyed by the design, is contradicted by structural facts. The powerful dome of St. Peter's that so affects us, when seen against a sunset sky, as being the very image of self-contained majesty—what are its structural conditions? The powerful mass is, in reality, weak; it would fall apart, like a ball of earth, were it not pulled violently into shape by the six titanic chains that gird it. We need not elaborate the point. The Baroque builders imitated materials, imitated structures, as in the placing of "false" windows in a facade—and are therefore charged with a singularly evil deceit. Anyone who examines Baroque decorations will feel no doubt of their preference for rich and splendid materials, but with characteristic courage they often refused to spoil a good design for lack of the ideal means to carry it out; nor did anyone, in that age, expect that they should do otherwise. If, for an effect of colour, I require the hue of lapis lazuli, and not having any lapis lazuli, use blue paint, my poverty may be matter for regret, but my artistic purpose may be as well fulfilled. If, to complete the harmony of a design, a window is needed, and a real window is inconvenient, my "false" window answers the purpose I have in view—a finely ordered facade. Truth is largely a matter of convention, but it may be doubted whether any rational person was ever deceived by a "false" window, any more than by the "sham" stone ceilings of vaulted Gothic, which have no connection with the roof. Baroque art, following further the lines of Hellenistic sculpture, wrought marble into the likeness of ecstacy, seized upon drapery as an aide to this, penetrated into the subtleties of motion, arrested and returning—and is abused for not producing the "calm" of the earlier Greek work. It is possible, I think, to see in the life and writings of St. Teresa a powerful influence on the art of the following century, for this art was eminently Catholic, a saint—and preferably a saint in ecstacy—was usually its central conception. Undoubtedly, the Baroque artists were led into excesses that no one is likely to defend, they were under the same temptations as the French "flamboyant" builders; but it is one thing to deplore excess, quite another to deny that there is a legitimate practice. Finally, Baroque art is abused as "Pagan"—a difficult word to deal with. Perhaps the North will always accuse the South of paganism, and will be dubbed in return "barbarian" and "puritan." Perhaps there is always some truth in accusations that are widely made—and therefore in these. But it is worthy of the consideration of Catholics that God chose to plant his Church at a centre of classic Paganism and of Latin culture. Possibly, the dangers arising from its proximity to these are less deadly than

those to be encountered from Northern colds, the chill of Puritanism, and—at least constructive—Jansenism; at any rate it ill befits the Catholic to deplore the plans of Providence in this matter. Rome has spoken—in many a fashion. The main currents of civilization and religion are Roman. Other contributions, Oriental, Gothic, Celtic, enrich, but do not—perhaps never can—constitute the main stream.

The history of Architecture, from about 1625 until well on in the eighteenth century, was simply one of expansion; the Roman style—Baroque—spread over civilized Europe, taking on, of course, local colour and special characteristics, according as it journeyed North or South. Perhaps the easy flamboyance, the flourish and *élan*, of the style provoked a reaction; perhaps men's minds had changed. At any rate, we come to Neo-Classicism; to the beginnings of the Gothic revival in England; to attempts at fusion—"Ancient Architecture restored and improved by a great variety of grand and useful designs, entirely new in the Gothic mode," and "Gothic Architecture improved by rules and proportions."[12] We come to the Romantic movement, which spoke Gothic—alas! with a "revived" accent; finally to the welter, confusion, chaos of taste—any of these words are suitable—that is still with us, and is the occasion of this article.

We have no longer a style, we must choose one. Having chosen one, we must then "reproduce" something or other in it, trying to think with borrowed ideas, and to utter them in a language not native to our tongues. The human race has wandered far. Now, by the rivers of commercialism, it may well sit down and weep, when it remembers—if it ever does remember—Sion. At any rate, it is certain that the "songs of the Lord" cannot be sung in this strange land of our sojourning. So there is but one wisdom open to us—humility. Looking back on the long past, to those days when the vision had not failed and the light was still given, to the creative epochs whose story we have glanced over so hastily, we can recognize that each had its singular beauty; its peculiar fitness as the expression of that eternal truth with which art deals; its own analogical reference to life; moreover its own power over the men who then lived. For Architecture is not only a powerful expression—the most strong and permanent we have,—but a powerful agent also. Building a Church, therefore, we are letting loose a force that will play upon an unmeasured future. We, who have no art, must make profit of our "historical methods"; if we see the style we have

[12] Titles of successive editions of a "Treatise on Architecture," by Batty Langley, an English architect of the 18th century.

chosen in the perspective of history, and in relation to other styles, we shall be saved from the narrowness that believes only in its own preferences. Greek intellectualism, Roman magnificence, Gothic energy, Baroque joy—we need them all. It is our happiness to know, our privilege to understand—if indeed we are still capable of understanding—the sounds of their "frozen music." There is but one God, but He has many prophets.

MARY G. CHADWICK.

THE CATHOLIC APOLOGIST

V

The Divinity of Christ

HAVING firmly established that the New Testament narrative can only be considered as authentic history; we must now pass in review the leading character in that narrative. The whole theme of the New Testament is to tell us about a Man named Jesus Christ. Now it is impossible for the thoughtful student of human nature and human history to overlook Jesus Christ.

Nay! I will say more than this, Jesus Christ is One Who must of necessity arrest the attention of the most careless and casual observer of human events. We must give up the study of humanity altogether, or we must perforce take into account One Who has influenced the course of human history incomparably more than any other amongst the greatest men that have ever lived. It is quite impossible to ignore One Whom thousands of millions of the human race have adored as God! He must be accounted for somehow.

Now, that which before anything else strikes us about Jesus Christ is precisely that He claims to be God. Of this there cannot be the faintest shadow of doubt. When he asks his disciples whom they think him to be, St. Peter answers, "thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God" and Jesus replies to him "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona: because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father Who is in Heaven." He says of Himself (John x., 30), "I and the Father are One." Again (John xiv., 9), "he that seeth Me, seeth the Father also." "Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in Me?" Again (John x., 58), "Amen, Amen, I say to you, before Abraham was made, *I am.*" His disciples recognized this claim and adored Him as God (Matt. xiv., 33). "And they that were in the boat came and adored Him, saying: Indeed, Thou art the Son of God." (John xx., 28.) Thomas answered and said to Him: "My Lord and my God." He accepted their adoration. His enemies recognized the claim and sought to kill Him for making it. (John v., 18.) "Hereupon the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath, but also said

God was His Father, making Himself equal to God." Again, (John x., 33), "The Jews answered Him: for a good work we stone thee not, but for blasphemy: and because that thou, being a man makest thyself God." Finally they crucified Him for it (John xix., 7). "We have a law and according to our law, He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God."

It was scarcely necessary to cite these quotations, for Christ's claim to Divinity is manifest in almost every page of the New Testament. Indeed if we attentively peruse the Gospels we perceive that the entire pose of Jesus Christ is incompatible with anything short of the clear assertion of Deity. There is simply no getting away from the fact that He made clearly and emphatically that tremendous claim.

Now! a man who claims to be God, whereas he is not God, must be one of two things, i. e., either a blasphemous imposter, or else a crazy fanatic, or possibly a combination of both. In our estimate, therefore, of Jesus Christ there are three choices open to us, either he was God, or an impostor, or a visionary. Those who would have it that Jesus was a great and good man, but that he was not God are most ludicrous persons. The man who by an awful blasphemy succeeded in imposing his yoke upon countless millions of his fellow men was certainly great, but the very reverse of good. We may just as well manfully face unavoidable alternatives: if Christ was not God, he was the most impious enslaver of the human spirit that the world has ever known. There is no middle way possible, we must either accept Christ at His own Valuation or repudiate Him altogether.

A study of the character of Jesus Christ as portrayed in the Gospels renders it impossible for us to think that a man who led a life of such unapproachable sanctity, who taught a doctrine both ethical and speculative of such unparalleled sublimity, could conceivably have been an imposter. While the perfect mental balance exhibited on all occasions, even the most trying, a self-possessed calm which remains unruffled before the judgment-seat of Pilate and on the Cross itself, precludes altogether the notion that He was a deluded visionary. The character of Mohammed, the false prophet, cruel, lustful, egotistical and ambitious is quite consonant with, nay! is suggestive of a man in whom was blended the impostor and the fanatic. Not so that of Christ.

Nevertheless, before we render assent to a claim so awful, carrying with it consequences of such tremendous import, we may well demur. We are justified in requiring the surest guarantees. Christ supplies us with them, nor need we do other than point out the credentials to which He Himself appealed.

The first is the argument from prophecy, "Search the Scriptures, for it is them that give testimony of Me." (John v., 9.)

In the long series of the Old Testament prophecies, the dominant note running through the whole harmony is to tell us of the coming Messias.

In the very beginning of Holy Scripture, One is promised who shall reverse the sad work of Adam's sin (Gen. iii., 15).

He will be of the Seed of Abraham (Gen. xxii., 18).

Of the tribe of Judah, to appear soon after the sovereignty shall have definitely passed away from that tribe (Gen. xvi., 10).

Of the house of David. (Eccli. xxiv., 34. Jerr. xxiii., 5. Is. ix., 6-7. Is. xxiii., 6.)

That He should spring from the House of David after that family had fallen from its high estate, accounts for the apparently contradictory prophecies that He should be of royal blood and yet poor and in labours from His youth (Ps. xxxviii., 16).

Moses definitely points Him out as the god-given teacher Whom all must hear (Deut. xviii., 18). Isaias likewise speaks of Him as God's Witness to the people (Is. lvi., 4).

He is to be born of a Virgin (Is. vii., 14).

At Bethlehem (Mich. v., 2.) this prophecy gives us a marvellously clear statement of His divinity "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that shall be the ruler of Israel: and His going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity." A child to be born at Bethlehem yet Whose going forth is from eternity. The same stupendous truth is inculcated by the prophet Baruch, who after speaking of the greatness of God and His wonderful created works, concludes, "Afterwards He was seen upon earth and conversed with men." (Baruch iii., 38.) Indeed one of the names given to Him is Emmanuel, "God with us." (Is. vii., 14.)

He would be heralded by a marvellous forerunner. (Mal. iii., 1; Is. xl., 3.)

He would be a great healer and a great teacher; showing a special predilection for the poor and simple. (Is. lxi., 1.)

He would ride triumphantly into Jerusalem, sitting upon an ass. (Zach. ix., 9.)

He would purge the Temple. (Ps. lxviii., 10.)

He would be betrayed. (Ps. xl., 10.)

And sold for thirty pieces of silver (Zach. xi., 12), the ultimate destination of that thirty pieces of silver is indicated, "Cast it to the potter" ((Zach. xi. 13).

He would be scourged (Is. l., 6)

And mocked *(Ibid).*

He would be put to death upon the Cross: the circumstances of His death by crucifixion being foretold with minute exactness. (Ps. xxi., Wisd. ii.)

He would be buried in a rich man's tomb. (Is. xi., 10.)

He would rise from the dead. (Ps. xv., 9-10.)

And ascend into Heaven. (Ps. lxvii., 19. Mich. ii., 13.)

The series of prophecies is like, as it were, an artist painting a portrait, the first few strokes are vague and uncertain, but as the details are gradually filled in the likeness comes out clearer and clearer, until there is no mistaking whom the finished work represents.

These prophecies foretelling far-distant events, which depend not upon iron mechanical laws but upon the free turn of the human will, could only proceed from the Cause of Causes, God Himself. They exactly sketch out the earthly origin, career and end of Jesus Christ; they fit Him and none other. They are, therefore, God's witness to Him as the teacher whom we must hear.

The second guarantee with which Christ furnishes us as to the truth of His teaching, is the proof drawn from His miracles, the last clinching proof being that miracle of miracles, His own ressurrection from the dead, which He foretold beforehand. Indeed, He shows all through that He possessed the clearest detailed knowledge of the things that would befall Himself. To these miracles He appeals in proof of His divine Mission, "Though you will not believe Me, believe the works: that you may know and believe that the Father is in Me and I in the Father" (John x., 38). And His final sign "Destroy this Temple; and in three days I will raise it up" (John ii., 19). His enemies evidently clearly understood His meaning, for after His crucifixion they say to Pilate, "Sir, we have remembered that that seducer said, while He was yet alive; after three days I will rise again." (Matt. xxvii., 63.) And yet despite their precautions, He did rise again.

Now! a miracle is a work above or contrary to the accustomed laws of nature performed by God for some specific purpose. Obviously the Creator will not interfere with the natural laws which He Himself has made except for some very good reason. There is a difference between "above" and "contrary to"; it is contrary to the laws of nature that a man four days dead should be called back to life; it is not contrary to the laws of nature that water should become wine, for it is done every year: but it is above the laws of nature that the lengthy process which begins in the roots of the vine and ends when the most has fermented, should be abridged in a moment by a simple volition of the human will.

The Gospel narrative simply teems with mighty miracles wrought by Jesus Christ in testimony of the truth of His word: He caps them all by Himself rising from the dead, thereby visibly demonstrating that He is Supreme Lord of life and death. Here we have clear and unmistakable the witness of God. The unbelieving Jews said that He was a "deceiver" (Matt. xxvii., 63) and that He was "mad" (John x., 20). They were perfectly logical, for no possible alternatives are left open to those who will not believe that He is God. But a deceiver does not lead a life of superlative holiness, and a madman does not always maintain a perfectly balanced mind. Moreover, a deceiver or a madman does not fulfill prophecy, does not work miracles and does not rise from the dead.

I do not mean to say that we can believe in the Divinity of Christ without an act of supernatural faith; but I do maintain that it is an act of faith grounded upon a most solid basis of reasoned conclusions. Whether a man believes or not, he cannot deny, in fact no sensible person ever does deny, that the arguments on which a Christian rests his faith are of prodigious weight. Those who effect to sneer are only empty-headed scoffers who have never studied the question.

The assertion that miracles are impossible is frivolous; that which has happened can happen: if anyone says that the miracles of the New Testament did not happen, that implies that the Evangelists lied wholesale, and then you refer your opponent back to the argument of the previous chapter.

More commonly he will say that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Then he will proceed to give some other possible interpretation to one or two of the Messianic prophecies, and a possible natural explanation to one or two of the miracles. We will grant that some of the prophecies may have a more immediate, as well as a more remote, interpretation, though many of them, perhaps most of them, could refer only and solely to Jesus Christ. We will likewise grant that some few of the recorded miracles might conceivably have a natural explanation. We could drop them without seriously affecting our proof. The strength of our argument consists in the cumulative weight of all the prophecies plus the cumulative weight of all the miracles. We are not dealing here with chain argument at all. Chain argument is when the conclusion of one piece of reasoning forms the premiss of the next; these lectures are an example of chain argument, though they have also a certain cumulative weight insomuch as revelation corroborates natural religion. But the arguments with which we establish the reasonableness of yielding assent to the tremendous claim of Jesus Christ is cumulative, one

indication of its truth is added to another until the accumulated weight is overwhelming.

It is like a number of straight lines converging to a single point; the elimination of one or two lines would not seriously weaken its force; rather we should say that so many other converging lines gives a presumption in favour of the one or two more doubtful ones.

If it be urged that there are other religions that lay claim to miracles besides the Christian religion; I would answer first of all, it would be necessary to examine the testimony which can be adduced for them. If this be found sufficient, we may then ask whether there be any good reason for us to suppose that God has intervened by a miracle; St. Thomas Aquinas cites as credible the story of the Vestal Virgin, who, in proof of her chastity, is narrated to have carried up to the Capitol a bottomless pitcher filled with water; the great theologian argues that, although a pagan, there was sufficient reason for God to come to her aid by a miracle to save her honour and her life. If there be no sufficient reason let us remember that we are warned that as God works miracles in support of truth, so it is not beyond the power of evil spirits to produce signs and lying wonders in support of a lie.

We have seen, then, that the proofs adducible in support of Christ's claim that He is very God are amply sufficient to convince the believer and to condemn the unbeliever.

Whosoever believes, experiences that ultimate subjective proof, without which all other arguments, howsoever logically conclusive, are mere matters of the intellect and of themselves alone spiritually valueless. The subjective evidence for the believer is final, he finds that Christ and He only meets the needs of the human soul, it is "the Spirit testifying to our spirit that we are the Sons of God." But this last argument, so conclusive to the believer, can only affect the unbeliever as a psychological phenomenon of which he has no interior experience.

VI

On the Nature of Revealed Truth

By the elimination of the only other two possible alternatives we have established that Christ's claim to be truly God is a valid claim supported by divine testimony amply sufficient to afford conclusive evidence. We shall henceforward argue from the standpoint of the believer who admits that claim, and to whom therefore the word of Christ is the word of God.

It is necessary at the outset to pass a few remarks anent the nature of revealed truth; what is implied in the bare notion of a revelation

from God, concerning which so much lamentable confusion of thought seems to exist in our own country.

If we examine our own mental equipment we shall perceive that vastly the greater portion of it rests on nothing else but human testimony. All our knowledge of ancient history and nearly all our knowledge of current events has no other foundation whatever. The same with most of our knowledge of the earth's surface; we have no doubt whatsoever that certain places exist, although we have never been there ourselves. Even with regard to the exact sciences it is mostly the same. I wonder how many people have calculated or could calculate for themselves the velocity of light, or the distance of the sun from the earth; yet we accept without demur the figures given us by those whom we deem competent to make such calculations.

How many of those who scoff at divine faith ever reflect that nearly all their own knowledge is mere natural human faith resting upon human testimony?

With regard to matters of knowledge resting upon human testimony, two possible elements of doubt can enter in, the one is wilful deception, the other is honest mistake; a man may be lying or he may believe himself to be telling the truth, while all the time he himself is in unconscious error.

If we can find an authority from which these two possible sources of doubt must of necessity be removed, the statements of this authority are infallibly certain. Such an authority is God, Whose infinite sanctity precludes the possibility of falsehood, and Whose infinite Wisdom precludes the possibility of mistake. Once we are assured that God has spoken, we accept His Word without cavil or criticism; God has said it, therefore it must be true, however far removed from our comprehension.

We have seen in the foregoing chapter that we must admit Christ's claim to be very God; to the believer, therefore, the words of Christ are the words of God, true with the immovable certainty of the Eternal Truth.

We cannot too earnestly insist on this: revealed truth is not a discovery of our own, it is the statement of God: as such it does not admit of opinion or compromise, it must either be accepted or it must be rejected; it is something radically indivisible. you cannot dissect it and say "this I will believe, that I will not believe," if you reject an iota of it, you thereby repudiate the Authority on which it rests: you might just as well reject the lot, it would be far more reasonable and consistent.

We find now-a-days many well-meaning persons who would have

us confine our attention to the moral teaching of Christ and leave the controversial, speculative teaching alone; they rather pride themselves on this attitude and call it being broad-minded: the term feeble-minded would, I think, be more appropriate, for nothing could be more patently absurd. I believe Christ to be God and I accept His word in all things whatsoever as the word of God. How do these no doubt well-intentioned but deplorably incongruous persons look upon Him? Do they think He was God when He said "love your enemies," but not God when He said over bread and wine "This is My Body—This is My Blood." If I did not believe that Christ is God, as I should not accept His speculative teaching, so neither would I submit to His moral code. Why in the world should I? Indeed towards this total rejection of the teaching of Christ, their only logical conclusion, the non-catholic world is steadily drifting. Lutheran Prussia, with no long-standing Christian heredity in its fibre, has already reached the goal; the pace is retarded in protestant England by long centuries of Christianity, which have entered into the very bone of Englishmen; but the tendency is always towards greater and greater emancipation from the yoke of Christ. Perfectly logical! if anything He said was not true, then He was not God, and why on earth should we bow to His yoke?

It must be steadfastly borne in mind that Christ came to teach us religion, that is to say to teach us about God and our relations with Him, how we are to serve Him, what aids He gives us to prosecute that service, what are the rewards of obedience and the punishment of disobedience. He did not come to teach us earthly politics or natural science; about such matters, therefore, we shall only expect of Him the phraseology of His time. Furthermore, with regard to matters of religion, He does not teach us everything that we should like to know, He teaches us as much as He sees it expedient that we should know: we must expect, therefore, to be still confronted with many mysteries which will not be solved in this life.

So far, then, examining the essential qualities of revelation, we perceive (a) that it is sure as God is sure; (b) that it is radically indivisible, being rooted in nothing less than the veracity of God: we cannot pick and choose out of it, we must take it or leave it as a whole; (c) its subject matter is God and our relations with Him to the extent it has pleased Him to reveal them.

It is, furthermore, evident if we examine the words of Christ that He intended His revelation to be for all men whatsoever, and for all future time; He promises everlasting happiness to those who believe and practise His teaching, He threatens with eternal misery those who wilfully reject it.

Now! see what this implies. It is for all men whatsoever, He must therefore have left it upon earth in such a manner that it must be easily accessible to all, whether they be learned or whether they be altogether illiterate, whether they have leisure for research or whether they lead lives of unremitting toil; it must be "a straight way, so that fools shall not err therein." (Is. xxxv., 8.) Secondly, He must have devised some means for preserving it intact and uncorrupted to the end of time. Thirdly, it must be quite clear-cut and definite; if it contains the means whereby I am to obtain everlasting happiness, it must be given me to know quite clearly what those means are, that I may be able to put them in practice: whilst manifestly it would be most unjust to threaten me with eternal damnation for not believing, if I cannot be absolutely sure as to what I have got to believe. An indefinite revelation is no revelation at all, we might just as well be without it, and as for punishing with eternal damnation those who do not believe an indefinite revelation, the notion is simply preposterous: how can you believe, when you do not know what is proposed for your belief?

By analysis, therefore, of revelation in general and the Christian revelation in particular, we perceive six outstanding essential qualities of revealed truth:

(1) It is infallibly sure.

(2) It is radically indivisible.

(3) It concerns directly God and our relations with Him, and only indirectly questions of natural science or politics, etc., insofar as these may encroach upon the domain of religion.

(4) It must be easily accessible to all sorts and conditions of men.

(5) It must be preserved incorrupt to the end of time.

(6) It must be quite clear-cut and definite.

VII

The Church

We now see the problem which confronted Jesus Christ. He had delivered a revelation to mankind, the fulfillment and completion of the earlier and imperfect revelation of the Old Testament. This new revelation was to constitute from henceforth mankind's true religion, their way of salvation. By this they could escape from the thraldom of sin and secure for themselves spiritual perfection and everlasting happiness in the world to come. It was to be a world-wide religion, to be proclaimed to men of every race, "going to teach all nations." Whosoever determines on an end must employ means proportioned to its attainment.

Christ had, therefore, firstly, to devise a means for securing His revelation from corruption for all time to come, according to His definitely given promise that His word should not pass away; and, secondly, to fashion an instrument for its dissemination throughout the world. Here was a problem which would baffle the resources of any mere man, however great: He, being also God, infinite in wisdom and power, had at His command resources capable of performing the seemingly impossible task.

Let it be remembered that God, acting in human affairs, acts in a manner consonant with human nature; the more so when having assumed a created Manhood, He lives as a Man amongst men. What, then, would appear to ourselves the best way of solving this problem if there were put into our hands limitless power for the execution of our design?

Obviously the only possible way to secure the world-wide dissemination of His religion was the commissioning of emissaries who should act as His ambassadors; this we have proof that He did, saying to them, "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and He that despiseth you, despiseth Me" (Luke x., 16); that is to say, He commissions them to speak in His name and with His authority; indeed, the greatest of His missionaries claims for himself the title of Ambassador of Christ. "For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors, God, as it were, exhorting by us." (II Cor., v., 20.)

No doubt He might have preserved incorrupt His revelation by placing in the hands of His emissaries a written formula containing that revelation in the simplest possible manner, something after the fashion of a catechism: although it is extremely questionable whether it would be possible to devise a formula so clear and simple as to leave no loophole for misinterpretation by the perverse ingenuity of the human intelligence. Certainly He did nothing of the kind. The only command to commit anything to writing recorded of Him is when, after His ascension, He appeared to St. John in the Isle of Patmos, and said, "What thou seest, write in a book." (Apoc. 1-11.) If it be argued that He inspired all the writers of the New Testament, I answer that, although this is undoubtedly true, nevertheless, we cannot assume it at this stage of the argument; and even so, they are not by any means simple catechetical instructions, but on the contrary, often extremely difficult. Experience shows from the almost countless opinions and sects, which are based upon the written word of the New Testament, that these books of themselves alone are not a sufficient vehicle of the divine revelation, they require an interpreter.

The only other possible means by which Christ could have pre-

served His revelation incorrupt to the end of time was by the constitution of a sacred society or Church, which could always pronounce on any question of revealed truth with a living and infallible voice. This is the means most consonant with the customary method of procedure adopted by man: no body of law is left to be interpreted by each individual of the community in the manner most pleasing to himself, chaos would be the result; a set of men are appointed to interpret and adminster the law; we are even by a *fictio juris* obliged to assume infallibility, even though we know that mere human judgments cannot be altogether infallible: nevertheless, in the matters in which disputes may arise we are obliged to appoint an umpire, a referee, or some final court of appeal, the decision whereof settles the question irrevocably: it is a sort of legal shadow of infallibility. We cannot confer infallibility, but we have to feign it somewhere or else disputes would be interminable.

If we consult the New Testament we shall perceive that Christ acted in precisely the same manner as we ourselves act under more or less parallel circumstances. We should expect Him to do so; being Man, He will act as men act; being God, He will be able to go further and really confer infallibility, where we can only feign it.

He constitutes a sacred society or Church, appointing in it one of His apostles as the repository of final authority, the last court of appeal, the ultimate decisive voice. "And I say to thee that thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi., 18.) Christ spoke Aramaic, in which tongue the name Peter and the word rock are identical, "thou art Kepha and upon this kepha I will build My Church," even as it is rendered in Greek or Latin the play upon the words is too significant to bear any interpretation but one. There is simply no getting away from it, that either Christ made a calculated misstatement, or else He (a) built a Church, (b) built it on Peter, (c) built it to last for all time. I will say no more on this point here, as my next chapter will be devoted to the question of the Papacy.

To this Church Christ promises the gift of the Spirit of Truth to abide with it for ever: "And I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete that he may abide with you for ever. The Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not nor knoweth him: but you shall know him: because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you . . . But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." (John xiv., 16, 17, 26.) Now, I

ask: if this definite promise of the Spirit of Truth abiding with His faithful followers for ever, bringing to their mind all things whatsoever He has taught, does not imply the conferring upon His Church infallibility to preserve it from error in the teaching of His revelation, what does it mean? Can it mean anything else?

Furthermore, the first essential quality of truth is that it is One, concerning anything whatsoever, the colour of a ribbon, the weight of a stone, the breadth of a table, you have a limitless choice of errors, but only one truth; as the poet says "truth is one and error manifold." The Church of Christ, therefore, the accredited custodian of His revelation, must in the nature of things be One: "One Lord, one Faith," and such He promises that it shall be: "And not for them only do I pray, but for them also that through their word shall believe in Me: that they all may be one, as thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me, and the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them: that they may be one, as we also are one: I am in them and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one: and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved Me." (John xvii., 20-23.) Here we have a distinct, definite and unconditioned promise that His true followers shall be One, with a visible organic unity modelled on the divine unity itself, a unity so apparent and so marvellous that it shall be a living testimony to the divine origin of the Church.

Let it be steadfastly borne in mind that these are the promises of Incarnate Deity, Who will not promise what He does not intend to perform, and Who is able to perform what He promises. Not like the promises to the Jews of old which were conditioned, to be fulfilled if they were faithful but to give place to the most awful chastisements if they proved unfaithful; these promises which Christ makes to His Church are clear, definite and unconditioned.

As the duly accredited custodian and exponent of the revelation delivered by Jesus Christ, we have, then, to look for a Sacred Society or Church, which bears the following characteristics:

(a) It must be His Church. Any church of which you can point out the founder subsequent to Jesus Christ is discredited.

(b) It must be built on Peter.

(c) It must be world-wide in name, in aspiration and in fact. Any church, the name whereof indicates that it was founded as a local or national institution is hereby discredited.

(d) It must claim infallibility in matters of revelation: speaking with the authority of the Spirit of Truth.

(e) It must be visibly and organically one body holding one faith.

(f) It must be living and indestructible.

This, therefore, is the middle term or term of comparison given us by Jesus Christ by which we may know His true Church: His own foundation, built on Peter, Catholic, Infallible, One, Indestructible.

Very well! Of any church except the Catholic and Roman Church, I can name a founder subsequent to Jesus Christ: everybody knows which is the Bark of Peter, no church but the Roman Catholic ventures so much as to claim the title: no other church is in the same sense Catholic in name, in aspiration and in fact, to be found everywhere, embracing, as it does, men of every race and colour and tongue and clime: no other church, unless perhaps it be the Greek Orthodox, dares to claim infallibility for its dogmatic decisions: the Roman Catholic Church is indeed visibly and organically one body, holding One Faith: after twenty centuries of existence not all the power of the Gates of Hell have achieved its destruction, it is with us today in unimpaired vitality, active and vigorous as ever.

Twice in a newspaper controversy, I put the matter thus: if Christ did not found the Roman Catholic Church, then someone else did, I challenged anyone to name the founder, as I could name the founder of any other church they liked to mention: again, if the Roman Catholic Church were not the Church builded by Christ on Peter, to endure for all time, then some other was, would anyone point it out to me. If anyone would do these two things I promised at once and on the spot to transfer my allegiance. But I was not prepared to give the lie direct to Incarnate Deity by implying that He did not build upon Peter an infallible and indestructible Church.

Like the oysters of "Alice in Wonderland," "Answer came there none."

Rev. P. M. Northcote.

(To be continued)

MORENO, THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR

II

THE people of Ecuador, indignant at the conduct of Urbina in causing the exile of Moreno, at once elected him to the Senate. Urbina was far from relishing the idea of the new Senator's return from exile and taking his seat, but when Congress convened, Moreno entered the Senate chamber and was immediately arrested, in spite of the law forbidding the arrest of a Senator while the Senate was in session. Urbina cared very little for the laws of his country as long as he held the reins of government, so Moreno was conducted to the coast, and placed on a ship bound for Peru.

After spending some time in exile, and seeing no immediate prospect of a change of conditions in his native land, Moreno sailed for Paris. Here, he devoted his time to his favorite studies, natural sciences, to the practice of his religious duties and to watching the course of events in Ecuador. These events were far from encouraging, as Urbina's tyrannical sway was rapidly producing the only results that could be expected—a lawless administration of affairs, an empty public treasury, and a down-trodden and suffering population. Of course, the Church was Urbina's greatest stumbling block, and availing himself of an old and unfounded charge against the Church and the Religious Orders, and making a pretense of the insufficiency of accommodations for his soldiers, he found the most convenient way to remedy their condition was to expel the regular clergy and transform their monasteries into barracks for his soldiers. The secular clergy fared little better, as their seminaries were invaded and an attempt was made to secularize them by the forced introduction of radical professors. The protest of the University at government interference, unlawful as it was, resulted in its being immediately invaded, and some of the chairs conferred upon incompetents favorites of the tyrant.

It may be asked how such a state of things could be tolerated in a country under a constitutional government, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the members of Congress were not the representatives of the people, but the paid tools of Urbina, made after

his own image and likeness, while the press of the larger cities was openly and shamelessly subsidized.

As the time for a Presidential election drew near, it became known that Flores was in Peru where he had organized a large army and was contemplating the invasion of Ecuador. Urbina realized his danger, and began a persecution of all citizens suspected of favoring the cause of Flores. The aged, the soldier, the general, the citizen, all sorts and conditions of men were ruthlessly taken from their beds at night and sent to prison or into exile.

In spite of all his intrigues Urbina was defeated at the next election. Before retiring from office he published a report in which he set forth all the *benefits* he had conferred on his country. These "benefits" were summed up by a Chilean orator as follows: "Nothing but revolutions; civil and foreign wars; men fighting one another for the spoils of their victims; continued persecution of the Church and the sacreligious usurpation of its property; the proscription of its ministers and the profanation of its temples; the banishment of its best and most loyal citizens; the nation's bankruptcy and its commerce destroyed; public instruction transformed into corrupting poisons; every form of vice committed openly and unblushingly; in a word, the reign of iniquity in all its terrors."

Everything seemed lost, but God Who invisibly directs the affairs of men, came to the rescue.

Urbina's unhallowed administration came to an end, and he was succeeded by Roblez, who one month after his election yielded to the public clamor and repealed the edict of exile enacted by his predecessor. A "safe conduct" was guaranteed to Garcia Moreno, and his long and painful exile of three years enabled him to return to his native land and to the bosom of his family. His entry into Quito was hailed with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. Honors were heaped upon him; he was immediately appointed alcalde, an office equivalent to that of judge of the highest court. Next, he was made President of the University, an office which involved no little responsibility, as he had to undo the work of his predecessor, remove incompetent and undesirable professors and replace them by competent and honorable men, and the changing of the curriculum from a radical and infidel one into one recognizing the moral law.

Garcia Moreno realized that a change in the government was an absolute necessity if Ecuador was to hold an honorable place in the sisterhood of nations. The approaching Congressional elections opened a way in that direction, and he felt it his duty to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in the Senate. After a fierce contest with the followers of Urbina, in which every right of the voter was

violated and troops placed near the polls to intimidate the voters, on the 15th of September, 1857, Garcia Moreno took his seat in the Senate chamber amid the enthusiastic applause of his fellow citizens.

When President Roblez's term expired he issued a grandiloquent manifesto in which he reviewed all the benefits which his administration did *not* confer upon the country. This was followed by a noisy session of the National Assembly, after which it was hoped things would settle down and that the good-natured and easy-going public would return to its normal and sleepy condition, prepared to suffer any act of oppression that might be visited upon them. But the new Senator did not belong to the sleepy class. He immediately set about remedying existing evils to the best of his ability. The poor Indian was relieved of the oppressive taxation which had kept him in continual poverty; the rights of the Church were restored as far as circumstances permitted, because it must be remembered that Ecuador was sorely beset by the interference of secret societies which infested its borders from Peru and Colombia.

Moreno spent the next fifteen years in battling for the cause of justice. Amid the storms of civil and foreign wars he served his country by his work, his pen and with his sword. In 1861, after a stormy campaign, Moreno was elected President of Ecuador. "Nothing succeeds like success," and the news of his election was hailed throughout the land with the most enthusiastic applause. His religious sentiments were recognized as on the feast of Our Lady of Mercy, the Republic was placed under her patronage.

The new President was anxious to give his country a Christian and Catholic constitution, as the only means of suppressing vice and political abuses; he wished to give a solid education to the rising generation; to protect the religion of the ancestors of his people and to re-establish honorable relations between his government and that of neighboring nations.[1] But prudence told him that it was not wise, under existing conditions, to antagonize incompetent legislators who were incapable of appreciating his designs, so he contented himself with liberating the Church from the burdens which weighed upon it. He obtained from Congress the reorganization of the financial system; the proper conduct of public instruction and the construction of a suitable public highway between Quito and Guayaquil. He also succeeded in removing from public offices all unnecessary employes and in the enactment of laws calculated to place the country on a firm financial basis. The settlement of the financial question was an item that met with no little opposition on the part of

[1] **Message of 1861**

those who had been accustomed to living at public expense and doing nothing in return for their salaries, but they were obliged to submit.

The country, for years, had been groaning under the sway of militarism. The army had, up to this time, monopolized everything within its reach. This, too, had to be reformed. "An army so constituted," he said, "is a canker which eats into a nation. I shall reform it or I shall abolish it," and he accomplished his purpose in a most summary manner. Revolutionists sought to oppose him and to conspire against him, and, as "desperate cases require desperate remedies," he did not hesitate to use them in dealing with both high and low. "Shoot me," cried the infuriated Ayarza, "an old general is not to be scourged." But Moreno's reply was: "Powder and shot are not to be wasted on traitors." At the solicitation of some of his friends Moreno remitted part of the punishment, and when his sincerity was commented upon, he replied that it was time for the civil law to replace the law of militarism. "My head may be nailed over the gates of the city, but the army must be reduced to order and cease plundering honest and industrious people." Subdued by this iron will, the army was soon brought to order.

The government and the army were made to realize that abuse of power and profiteering were no longer to be tolerated. Moreno now found himself in a position which enabled him, in a measure, at least, to lay the foundation of the Christian constitution he had long desired to give his country.

The prime object of the revolutionists had been to secularize and un-Christianize education, and we know what that means here, in our own country. Moreno lost no time in making education Christian, as we have already shown in the first part of this article, and his appeal to the religious orders for their assistance in this work, as well as in the case of hospitals and prisons, was most pathetic. Public roads across the mountains opened up means of transportation and facilitated the commerce of the country from one extreme to the other.

This is no time to tell of the numerous plots for the invasion of Ecuador, planned by Mosquera and his "pal," Urbina, of the successful frustration by Garcia Moreno and finally of the excommunication of Mosquera, who came to realize, at last, the words of Holy Writ: "Terrible is the judgment of those who abuse through power." Nor can we dwell upon the various revolutions which for years reddened the soil of the South American Republics and so seriously impeded the progress of Ecuador.

Let us take a glance at the history of Ecuador from 1869 to 1875. When the Presidential election of 1869 was approaching,

Moreno decided to withdraw from public life, feeling that no effort on his part could convince the stupid irreconcilables that he was working for the benefit of his country, and not for his own ends, as they had been doing.

A delegation of the friends of true liberty waited upon him and besought him not to lay down the reins of government. They appealed to him as the only man in the country who could save it. They implored him not to abandon the cause of justice and of human rights. Moreno held out for a time, and finally, with great reluctance, yielded to their solicitations and consented to run for the Presidency.

In spite of the machinations of the Orient, when election day came Moreno was re-elected by a large majority. On assuming office for the second time, Moreno determined to realize his idea of Christian civilization. He had to face a shameless, an unappreciative opposition and he had the courage to do so. He accepted the office thrust upon him with the firm purpose of restoring the Kingdom of God and His Justice and give his country a Christian constitution, and he realized that, in order to do this, he must lay the axe at the root of the baneful institutions planted by his infidel predecessors. On the 12th of February, only a short time after his inauguration, he suppressed the University of Quito which had long been the hot-bed of the "liberal" doctrines which were the ruin of the souls of the students. In his message to the people he declared that under his predecessor, this institution had been "the cause of the perversion of the youth of Ecuador." By another decree he closed the college at Cuenca, "another pest seat of immorality." The Orient, he thought, when in power, were anxious to destroy Christian education, and logically, it could find no fault with him for making education Christian. The liberals had succeeded in having all cases regarding the clergy placed under the jurisdiction of the civil courts. Moreno believed that a "free church was a pure church," and restored the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical affairs to the control of the Bishops.

So decided a change in the national government could not fail to disconcert, and it was followed by an attempted revolution under General Ventimilia, a bosom friend of Urbina, and the inveterate enemy of Moreno, but it was soon suppressed and Ventimilia's life paid the penalty of his temerity.

In a message to the Assembly Garcia Moreno, after stating his position, declared that "civilization, the fruit of Catholic teaching, becomes degenerated and decayed in proportion to the manner in

which it alienates itself from sound Catholic principles. From this follows the weakening of character, the real and endemic malady of our age. Happily, we have, until now, recognized the fullest freedom of opinion, the sole bond that a nation divided by party interests, and by races and provinces, but this recognition, purely nominal, leaves the door open to all attacks against the Church. Between a people prostrate before the altar of the true God and the enemies of our holy religion, we must erect a wall of defense, and it is this that I propose to do as an essential step toward the reformation in our projected new constitution," and he did it.

When his term of office came to an end, and he declared his intention to retire into private life, the Assembly would not listen to the idea of his withdrawal. Under existing conditions, they argued, to refuse the chief magistracy was to incur the responsibility for all the evils and misfortunes this refusal would entail upon the nation. Such a course was no longer a virtue but a grievous error. Moreno realized all this, and also that the revolutionists would charge him with breaking his word to retire, as it was impossible for them to understand the meaning of patriotism and self-sacrifice.

All the same, on July 29, the Convention assembled in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers and after assisting at a Solemn High Mass, proceeded to the election of a President of the Republic. Garcia Moreno was unanimously elected, with the exception of one vote.

It was thought that Moreno would yield to this national demonstration of confidence in his administration, but Moreno was inflexible, and the Convention was equally so, "inasmuch," it maintained, "that his services seemed indispensable in consolidating order and peace and in launching the Republic in the way of real and lasting progress."

Carrajal, the chairman of the Convention, communicated to Garcia Moreno the decision of the Convention, and he was obliged to recognize the fact that "Vox populi, vox Dei." Thus it came to pass that on July 30, surrounded by the civil and military authorities of the Republic, the new President repaired to the Cathedral and before the altar of God took the oath of office.

The first efforts of the new President were employed in drafting a new constitution providing, among other things, for the manner of electing future Presidents, fixing the term of office at six years. A second term was permitted, but no more. The civil and religious affairs of the country were clearly defined, their rights fully recognized, but the one was not to infringe upon the other."

In spite of the efforts of this model President to raise his country

to the highest degree of civilization, there was always, as in our own country today, men seeking the overthrow of all law and order. In 1869 the revolutionists conceived the idea of an insurrection to be followed by the assassination of the President, and in the early part of December a party of misguided youths under the leadership of one Manuel Conejo, planned an uprising and the murder of Garcia Moreno. Providence interfered, and their plans failed. One of the conspirators, conscience-stricken, betrayed his associates, a number of whom were arrested and dealt with according to their merits. Conejo, unfortunately, escaped to Peru where he published a number of scandalous pamphlets against Moreno.

Notwithstanding the stormy days which masked his administration, Moreno was not to be diverted from his long-cherished designs.

Among the first cases of the President was to provide for the abject poverty of a large number of his people. Among the unhappy conditions prevailing in Ecuador was the abject poverty, the absolute pauperism of many of its people, resulting from overtaxation, militarism and frequent revolutions which paralyzed commerce and agriculture. Add to this the natural indolence of the people, and we can understand a poverty so degrading as to lead to vice and crime.

Moreno set to work to ameliorate the conditions of the poor, and his first attention was given to its innocent victims. The orphan, deprived of home and parental care, must be provided for, and two orphan asylums were opened at Quito, followed by others at Guayaquil and Curenca. Houses of the Good Shepherd opened their doors to unfortunate and misguided girls. These institutions, we shame to tell, after the death of Moreno, were invaded by lawless men and the inmates liberated and urged to resume their dissolute lives. Much-needed reforms were effected in the condition of the prisons and in the treatment of the prisoners. On one occasion Moreno visited the Hospital of the Lepers. The inmates complained to him that their food was not what it should have been. The President inquired into the merits of the case and instructed those in charge to remedy the cause of complaint. On a subsequent visit, braving all thought of contagion, Moreno sat down at the table of these unfortunates, shared their meal with them and assured them that his own private table was not so well supplied as was theirs.

The condition of the poor Indians did not escape the President. Near the Brazilian frontier, some 200,000 were living in the forests. They were, for the most part, nomads; some gentle and simple in

their habits; others cruel and warlike. These and other thousands of poor Indians were placed under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, who were to evangelize, to open schools and colleges at suitable times and centres, and to bring idolators into the fold of Christianity.

In 1864, Father Pizzaro, S. J., Vicar Apostolic, had, with his band of missionaries, evangelized the people dwelling along the banks of the Napo, when one day, the accomplices of Maldonado, Jaramilla and other miscreants who had been banished from Ecuador for their conspiracies and plottings against law and order, invaded this peaceful region, fell upon the Jesuit mission houses, put the missionaries in chains, assaulted them, destroyed their chapels, desecrated the sacred vessels, and committed other outrages that an honest pen refuses to record. The missionaries were driven to the Peruvian frontier, dragging their chains after them and forced into canoes which were to take them to their destination. The frightened Indians looked on in terror and amazement, and with tearful eyes besought the parting blessing of the holy men who had been their benefactors.

But events like this did not dampen the zeal of Garcia Moreno. Missions were established in all parts of the Republic, schools and colleges provided for the education of the aborigine as well as for the youth of his conqueror, and an iron hand was laid upon all who attempted to deprive him of his legitimate rights. The progress of civilization and religion became such that Garcia Moreno could say, "God blesses us, for our country progresses with real progress; we see on all sides reform in morals, due to the work of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, and other Orders who give valuable aid to our zealous secular clergy. Countless is the number of the faithful who, during the past Lent, attended to their religious duties.

It is not to be supposed that the temporal interests and progress of the republic were in any way lost sight of. After ten years of persevering struggle the President gained the ascendancy. Defeated at Guayaquil, Quito and Curenca, the revolutionists realized the fact that the people joined the government in exterminating anarchism, and their leaders took the road to Peru and New Granada, awaiting until the time became more favorable for the machinations of the Orient.

In Ecuador, as in other lands, our own not excepted, there is a class of people who beguile themselves with the idea that the revolutionist is progressive, and that religion is a drawback, but the progress of education made at Quito and other parts of the republic,

has demonstrated two facts : First, that during half a century of missions the revolution succeeded in accomplishing nothing, neither in the way of elementary or high schools: Secondly, that during six years of his administration Moreno succeeded in lifting his country out of the most profound intellectual darkness to the most resplendent light. More significant still is the fact that after the assassination of the President who had done so much for his country, the Revolutionists, when again in power, plunged the country into its primitive chaos. The Jesuits of the polytechnic school were forced to carry their learning and experinece to more appreciative lands, and it was not long before, in the words of a noted professor of anatomy, "we saw, with profound sorrow, their laboratories, so well provided with all that was necessary for their efficiency : their apparatus, their various instruments, all destroyed and covered with a heavy layer of dust." The memory of Garcia Moreno will always prove a protest against the oft-repeated and mendacious cry: "The Church impedes the progress of Science, and the Revolution alone fosters it."

We have endeavored, in this brief and inadequate sketch of a Christian statesman, to show that mere human aims are not, in themselves, sufficient to secure the happiness and welfare of a nation. We see evidence of this in the condition of the world today. Garcia Moreno realized all this and in a letter to Pope Pius IX, near the last days of his life, this model President said: "I deserve no reward, and have greater reason to fear that God will hold me accountable for the good I might have done with His assistance, and which I have left undone. Vouchsafe, most Holy Father, to implore His forgiveness in my behalf and to save me despite my shortcomings. May God enlighten and guide me and grant me the grace to die in the service of His Holy Church. Inspired with this sentiment I beg Your Holiness' blessing once more for our Republic, for my family and for my unworthy self. With it I feel an increase in my confidence in God, the Saviour of all strength and endurance."

Sentiments such as these were little calculated to gain the confidence or good-will of the element of Latin Masonry that had always been the bane of every country in which it gained a foothold and which has kept Spanish America in the backward position in which it is today.

The radical press renewed its vile attacks upon the only man in the country who was able to realize the meaning of civilization and progress. Garcia Moreno, full of that confidence in God that never fails, continued his work, paying little attention to the storm that

was gathering over his head. In a private interview with his friend, the editor of the *Nacional,* he said: "When I consented to go into political life I conceived that the republic wanted to enter upon an era of real prosperity and, in that case, it required a wise and just administration of its affairs. It needed a period of reaction, of reorganization and of consolation. My first term of office was a sort of reaction against the evils that weighed upon the country; evils which had penetrated into the very core of civic bodies. I had, much to my regret, to resort to severe means to redress them. My second term was devoted entirely to organization, did not require violent measures, and even my enemies have been obliged to recognize the moderation which I have been permitted to exercise in the discharge of my duties. If Divine Providence does not ordain otherwise, the present term of my administration will be one of consideration. The people, accustomed to order, to the blessings of peace, will enjoy greater liberty under a paternal and benevolent government. The future of our blessed country being their reward. I shall return to private life with the sweet satisfaction of having saved my country and finally of having placed it on the highway to progress and true greatness."

But, God's ways are not our ways, and in His inscrutable designs, the dreams of the great administrator were not to be realized. The Orient was at work. Its official organ, the *Gazetta,* continued to publish a series of articles, the full purpose of which was evident to those who knew how to read between the lines. Neontalvo was the prime mover in the conspiracy which was hatching and his lieutenants were Roberto Andrade and Manuel Conejo. The tendency to violence grew from day to day, and Garcia Moreno was warned by his friends of the impending danger. To a Prelate who said to him: "It is an open secret that the Masonic lodges have decreed your fate; that the assassins are sharpening their daggers: do take some measures for your safety." "What would you suggest?" replied Moreno. "Surround yourself with a bodyguard." "And who will vouch for the fidelity of the guard? They may be corrupted. I prefer to put myself in God's holy keeping," and then he quoted the words of the Psalmist: *"Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam."*

Under the influence of these gloomy forebodings, this Christian Chief Magistrate wrote to Pope Pius IX: "I implore, Most Holy Father, your apostolic benediction. . . . Now that the lodges in our neighboring republics, urged on by Germany, are belching forth the violent accusations and the most horrible calumnies against

me, I am more than ever in need of Divine protection to enable me to live and die in defense of our holy religion and of the country that God has called me to govern. What greater happiness could be mine, Most Holy Father, than to be detested and calumniated because of my love for Our Blessed Redeemer? But what greater happiness it would be if your benediction were to obtain for me the grace of shedding my blood for Him, Who being God, was willing to shed His blood for us on the Cross?"

We cannot dwell upon the numerous and unceasing workings of the conspirators in their secret lodge rooms. To all the warnings Moreno received, his only reply was: "I am in the hands of God. His holy will be done."

On the 6th of August, the feast of the Transfiguration of Our Blessed Lord, at six o'clock in the morning, as was his custom, Moreno went to the Church of St. Dominic to hear Mass. It happened that this day was also a "First Friday," a day devoted to the Sacred Heart. With many others in the congregation, the President received Holy Communion, which in his case was received as Viaticum, and his thanksgiving, after Mass, was longer than usual.

The conspirators, among whom were not a few members of the Peruvian Embassy, had dogged him since early morning. They found the moment for their bloody work unpropicious, because of the number of people leaving the Church and loitering around the Plaza, so they were obliged to delay it.

Moreno went home and spent a short time with his family. At one o'clock he started for the Assembly Hall with his annual message under his arm. It was, indeed, his last will and testament. One of his intimate friends said to him: "You had better not go out; you know that your enemies are lying in wait for you." His only reply was: "My fate is in the hands of God. I am in His hands in everything and in every way."

As he pursued his way, the conspirators, under Polanco, emerged from a nearby café and took the places assigned to them behind the columns of an adjacent building. The President stopped on his way to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament which was exposed in the Cathedral for the adoration of the faithful. Impatient at his delay, Rayo, one of the conspirators, sent a message to the President, telling him that he desired to speak to him without delay. When the latter appeared, Rayo drew a cutlass from under his cloak and dealt the President a deadly blow. "Vile assassin," exclaimed Moreno, and while endeavoring to draw his revolver, Rayo

dealt him another blow with his cutlass. The other conspirators discharged their revolvers. Rayo, as he again used his bloody cutless, cried out: "Die, you enemy of your country!" Moreno's only reply was: "I may die, but God never dies."

It would be a difficult task to attempt to describe the excitement caused by the report of the firearms. Members of the Assembly barricaded the doors of the building, fearing that another revolution had broken out; people hurried to the scene of the tragedy; priests hastened from the Cathedral to administer the last rites of the Church to the victim they loved so well and served so faithfully, and women filled the air with their lamentations, while the vile assassins, taking advantage of the confusion, made their escape. The President was unable to speak, but the gentle glance he bestowed upon the priest proved that he was still conscious, and he received the last Absolution. His bleeding corpse was borne to the Cathedral and deposited at the feet of Our Lady of the Seven Dolores, until further arrangements could be made.

In the meantime a scene of the wildest excitement was being enacted in the Plaza Major. After the murder all the assassins disappeared except Rayo, who had been wounded by a stray shot from the revolver of one of his companions. He was surrounded by an infuriated crowd. A soldier who had just arrived from the barracks, was so indignant at the sight of the murderer that he bade the crowd to stand back, and when they did he discharged his rifle upon the misguided Rayo and killed him on the spot. On his body was found checks on the Bank of Peru, unquestionable evidence that the lodges were not lacking in generosity to their Judases for their secret plottings.

As soon as the death of the President became generally known, the whole population of Guayaquil became a great family in mourning. The official journal declared that "this horrible tragedy, instead of inciting to revolution, as the assassins had expected, had a contrary effect. Under the weight of the great sorrow that was injected upon the nation, all work was suspended, all lips were shut and all hearts were broken. The Vice-President of the Republic was proclaimed head of the government, and in a circular addressed to the governors of the provinces he ordered that no means be left untried to secure the murderers. In his address to the army he appealed to their devotion to the immortal Chief they had just lost. "Officers and soldiers," he said, "hands still red with the blood of your martyred leader may unfurl to you another flag from that of religion and country, but you will not be unmindful of the

teachings of your late Commander; you will remain faithful to the laws of honor and true patriotism. My brave soldiers, raise your eyes to heaven and see, on the brow of him whom you mourn the glorious crown of the martyr, and now to defend the institutions for which he sacrificed his life."

The executive decree for the obsequies of the President contained these words: "Whereas, The Most Excellent Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno was one of the greatest men that America has produced, and by his important reforms, the patriotic author of the prosperity enjoyed by the Republic; that his premature death will be to all our people a subject of unending sorrow; that nations are in duty bound to honor men who are generous to consecrate their lives to the services of their country; the obsequies of the Most Excellent Garcia Moreno will be solemnly celebrated in our Metropolitan Church. On the catafalque shall be inscribed these words: 'To the regenerator of his country; to the invincible defender of the Catholic Faith.'"

On the day of the funeral the body of the late President rested on a magnificent catafalque erected in front of the main altar in the Cathedral, and exposed to the view of the thousands who passed by it with tearful eyes and bowed heads. In due time the Archbishop appeared, surrounded by his clergy, the heads of the government, the civil and military authorities. They took the places assigned to them and the Solemn Mass of Requiem began. The members of the assembled masses was redoubled when Father Vincent Cuesta, Dean of the Cathedral of Riobambray and Senator, expressing the general sentiment of the mourners, applied to the modern Judas Machabeus, the words of Holy Scripture so appropriate to the occasion. "And all the people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentation and they mourned for him many days and said, How are the mighty fallen that saved the people of Israel?" "If silence," said the preacher, "is the expression of deep sorrow when it is the result of a private affliction, so much the greater is it when caused by one of those terrible calamities which sometimes befall a nation. What can I say to you, my brethren, on this most sorrowful occasion, in the presence of the remains of this illustrious Chieftain whose fruitful life will be an eternal memory in the annals of Ecuador? O God of Nations, why hast Thou permitted the guardian of Thy missions; the defender of Thy Church, the pride of Thy people, to fall thus suddenly bathed in his own Blood? O God, prostrate before Thy infinite majesty, we can only adore Thy inscrutable designs. Thou didst give him to

us and Thou has taken him away, blessed be Thy holy name and may Thy will be done. We shall stifle in our hearts all feelings of vengeance. We will not even say to the assassins: 'Caius, what have you done with the blood of this just man?' "

We cannot give this eulogy in full. Suffice it to say that it was a fitting tribute to the departed worth listening to by a vast and sobbing congregation.

Rumors of uprisings by the lodges were rife throughout the capital and the body of the martyred hero was deposited in a vault, the location of which was carefully concealed from the public, until such times as it was thought prudent to deposit it as it merited.

Some of the assassins were secured and dealt with according to law. The National Congress, at its next session, passed resolutions expressing its profound appreciation of the services of the late President and its sorrow at his tragic end. The people of Ecuador saw the crowning glory placed upon their martyr's tomb not only by the people over whom Providence had called upon him to rule, but by all civilized nations, and eulogies were heard in all the South American Republics, now that he was no longer an obstacle in the path of the revolutionists. Pope Pius IX had Solemn Requiem Masses offered up for the repose of the soul of his loyal son after the manner in which they are celebrated for those privileged sons of the Church who have deserved well of her. Italian Catholics, with the approval and co-operation of the Sovereign Pontiff, erected a monument to the memory of Garcia Moreno on the grounds of the Pio-Latino Americano College, in Rome, on the sides of which we read the following inscription:

"Religionis, integerrimus custos,
Auctor studiorum optimorum,
Obsequentissimus in Petri sedem,
Justitiæ cultor, scelerum vindex."

Another inscription goes on to tell the deep sorrow felt by the Catholics of the world for the demise of this model ruler:

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno
Summus Republicæ Quitensis,
In America Præses
Impia manu
Per proditionem interemptus,
Nonis Aug. a. MDCCCLXXV.
Cujus virtutem
Et gloriosæ mortis causam

Admiratione et laudibus
Divi casus atrocitatem
Boni omnes prosecuti sunt
Pius IX Pont. Max
Pecunia sua
Et plurim. Cathol. collatione
Egregie
De ecclasia et Republica merito."

The events which followed the death of Garcia Moreno do not belong to this article. Our sole purpose has been to call the attention of our readers to the fact that a truly Christian ruler is possible if the people he is called upon to govern are ready to receive him and sustain him by staying the hand of the revolutionist, and, in our own country, by staying the hand of the unprincipled and avaricious politician. Until this comes to pass, the people of God will wander over the ruins of Jerusalem and with tears in their eyes, cry out: "Our leaders have led us to perdition because they refused to heed the voice of Religion and to walk in the steps of such leaders as Garcia Moreno."

May his memory linger in our hearts as that of a man who was the champion of the faith, and to whom may be applied the words of the Church in regard to the holy martyr St. Thomas of Canterbury: *Pro Ecclesia gladiis impiorum occubuit.*

Marc F. Vallette, LL.D.

IN NATURE'S REALM

A Blackbird Pie

"The blackbirds jangle in the tops
Of hoary-antlered sycamores."
—William Dean Howells ("The Song the Oriole Sings")

WHEN the continental poets write of "The Blackbird," they mean that very musical member of the Thrush Family, four-and-twenty of which were once baked in a pie and came up singing,—to their eternal fame. For ever since appreciative poets have been singing the praises of this most lyrical bird.

When, on this side of the water, the Blackbird arouses poetical comment, any one of several species may be meant, all members of the Troupial Family. Indeed, Troupial should be the name of the individuals as well as of the family, for though they may be black or not, as they choose to go dressed, they are all troupials in the fullest sense of the word, in flocks wherever they go:

"And driving clouds of blackbirds wheeled around."
—Alexander Wilson.

By the term "blackbird, we Americans usually mean the Grackle, or Crow Blackbird, the first name coming from the Latin *graculus,* jackcaw, and the second name from the general resemblance to the crow, in color, build and gait. Only two species of Grackle are common in the East, but individuals of all the different species abound in the Southern and Western States,—Brewer's, or Blue-Headed, the Boat-Tailed, Fan-Tailed, and so on.

One of these eastern birds is the Rusty Grackle, or Thrush Blackbird, for though in summer the male bird is a lustrous black with green metallic reflections on back and head, in the fall, winter and early spring the flocks of young and old alike, of both sexes, are a very rusty brown. Thoreau has a note on the bird:

"(April 9, 1855, 5¼ A. M.)—To Red Bridge just before sunrise. Hear the coarse, rasping cluck or chatter of crow blackbirds, and distinguished their long, broad tails. Wilson says the only note of the rusty grackle is a cluck, though he is told that at Hudson's Bay at the breeding time they sing with a fine note. Here they utter not only a cluck, but a fine shrill whistle. They cover the top of a tree now, and their concert is of this character. They all

seem laboring together to get out a clear strain, as it were, wetting their whistles against their arrival at Hudson's Bay. They begin, as it were, by disgorging or spitting it out like so much tow, from a full throat, and conclude with a clear, fine shrill, ear-piercing whistle. Then away they go, all chattering together."

"And the council of blackbirds was long and loud
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud."
—Mrs. Sigourney ("Migration of Birds")

Mr. Langrille describes this migratory flight most vividly : "On the first of May, 1880, as I stood on an iron bridge crossing a sluggish stream of Tonawanda Swamp, I saw the Rusty Grackles constantly trooping by in immense numbers. They were moving in a very leisurely manner, immense detachments constantly alighting. The large tract of lowland, covered with the alder, the willow, and the osier, seemed alive with them. The sombre wave, thus constantly rolling on, must have carried hundreds of thousands over this highway in a day. Occasionally they would alight to feed in the low, wet fields in the vicinity, making the earth black with their numbers. Their notes, or what might be called their songs, were almost deafening—resembling, indeed, the vocal performances of the Red-wings, but far less musical, being more of a sharp, metallic clatter, interspersed with loud squealing, and almost destitute of the liquid, warbling notes so peculiar to the species. On being alarmed, either in the fields or in the bushes, these Grackles would rise in a dense, black cloud, and with a rumbling sound like that of distant thunder. Their flight, which ordinarily is not very high, is straightforward, with a steady beat of the wings, after the manner of our Blackbirds in general. To one who has merely met these birds in their rusty coats, as they visit the fields in moderate flocks on their way South in October, or perhaps as early as the last of September, or as late as the first of November, they would scarcely be recognizable on these gala-days of their northward migration, so almost completely have they doffed the rust-color; the male being of an elegant glossy black, with the merest touch here and there of the rusty fringe; and even the female being of a fine brown or slaty-black, and having but a moderate garniture of this distinguishable edging on her nuptial plumage."

"Now screaming hawks soar o'er the wood,
And sparrows red haunt bushy banks;
The starlings gossip, 'Life is good,'
And grackless pass in sable ranks."
—John Burroughs ("Early April")

The Rusty Grackle is rather a shy bird, when engaged in nesting duties, and usually hies to some swamp or secluded wood to rear his young. He does not always go as far as Hudson's Bay; he is a most familiar bird in the prairie States west of the Mississippi, where driving clouds of them may be seen pitching off any fence as you drive by. "The Fountain of Youth" Lowell describes is just the place a Rusty Grackle or Thrush Blackbird would choose, being Thrushy in taste as well as in tone of plumage and in build :

"By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes
That whistle to cheer it
This woodland is haunted;"

Though migrating in such flocks, he prefers to nest rather by himself, in some rushy swamp or alder thicket, as the poet has observed :

"The grackles bicker in the alder-boughs,"
—C. G. D. Roberts ("An Ode to Drowsihood")

"The elm-tops are astir
With flirt of idle wings.
Hark to the grackle's chirr
Whene'r an elm-bough swings."
—C. G. D. Roberts ("On the Creek")

"Here's a grackle chirping low."
—Maurice Thompson ("In the Haunt of Bass and Bream")

His fondness for these warm, still, drowsy, secluded places, where food is abundant and company frequent, just suits this fellow, and it is only those who are fond of such nooks that know Rusty.

Far more popular is the rackety, crowd-loving Common Crow, Blackbird, or Purple Grackle, of whom Lowell says: "Nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention of old-fashioned tavern signs), as they gather at evening to debate in mass meeting their windy politics, or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in Hamlet." He also incorporated this idea in "Biglow Papers":

"Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses."—

For they are among the first spring arrivals, and come heralding spring with all the pomp of royal-robed ambassadors clothed in authority and majesty. As John James Audubon describes them: "The genial rays of the sun shine on their silky plumage, and offer

to the ploughman's eye such rich and varying tints that no painter, however gifted, could imitate them. The copper bronze, which in one light shows its rich gloss, is, by the least motion of the bird, changed to a brilliant and deep azure, and again, in the next light, becomes a refulgent sapphire or emerald-green."

"Here they come, jet-black and purple-crowned,
In darting throngs to flit among the pines
Again they fly the gilded steeple round,
When twilight glares and gleams in scarlet lines,
And though their dress is dark and sombre hued,
And even though their cries are out of tune,
We love them still, for in our April mood,
They promise that the May will follow soon."

—Jac Lowell ("The Purple Grackles")

The bird's pale straw-yellow eye gives him a weird look,— "as if witches had been about," says one writer, and perhaps explains the hint of "evil-eye" in Alice Carey's lines :

"And the blackbirds left the piping of
His amorous, airy glee,
And put his head beneath his wing,
An evil sight to see."

—("The Water-Bearer")

When the birds first arrive, they are very noisy, as Lowell says, also Emerson :

"The blackbirds make the maples ring
With social cheer and jubilee."

—("May-Day")

In their winter gatherings in the south, too, according to Alexander Wilson, they fill the trees until they seem "as if hung in mourning, their notes and screaming the meanwhile resembling the distant sound of a great cataract, but in more musical cadence, swelling and dying away on the ear, according to the fluctuation of the breeze." Nowadays there are seldom such great flocks as these, gathered anywhere, spring, or winter, but we still have plenty of blackbird music. Even one can make quite a stir :

"I saw a shining blackbird loud whistling on a thorn:"

—Celia Thaxter

"Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay."

—Emerson

Purple Grackle's usual note is a hoarse, low chuck, but when very happy, as a bird is quite likely to be when the weather is right and domestic affairs are moving smoothly and food is plentiful, he can sometimes achieve quite a tune. He must be by himself to do it, and quite undisturbed, but when caught at it the performance is praiseworthy, and helps explain why he is put in a song bird family that contains the Oriole, Bobolink and Meadowlark.

"Upon the topmost spray the blackbird sings,
With mellow note, his silvery-throated song."
— E. W. Gage "(Autumn")

The flight of the Crow Blackbird is interesting, for he uses his tail in a rather uncommon manner, on occasion, by turning up the sides until it resembles the keel of a sailboat,—which causes his name of Keel-Tail Blackbird :

"The flock of grackles, decked in raven hue,
Turned down the rudders of their tails, and whirred
Up to the walnut as a single bird,
Rasping their wheezy squeak as slow they flew."
—Lloyd Mifflin

He has another trick that serves to distinguish him; Mr. Langille describes it graphically: "As the plowman turns his furrow this bird forms a part of the newly-made landscape. Stepping along the fresh, brown edges with a peculiar gracefulness, his brilliant hues, with a bright, metallic lustre, cannot fail to delight the eye. Blue, emerald, purple, and bronze, all gleam and flash interchangeably in the sunshine. How quick are those light-golden eyes to detect grubs, beetles, chrysalids and worms!"

"Nature sends her blackbirds, in the early morn,
To superintend his fields of planted corn."
—Will Carleton ("The First Settler's Story")

"We watched the harrows make their furrow wide;
The thievish grackles follow, round by round."
—Lloyd Mifflin

I have wondered just what bird Alice Cary has in mind when she writes:

"and there, with head
Tricked out with scarlet, pouring his wild lay,
You see a blackbird."
—("The Lover's Interdict")

and again:

"He had a blood-red topknot,
And wings that were tipped to match:
And he held his head as if he said,
'I'm a fellow hard to catch.'"
—("Story of a Blackbird")

If the Purple Grackle, one must accuse her of being color-blind or of exaggerating the reddish cast the plumage sometimes takes in the light. I have about decided to believe she meant the Red-Winged Blackbird, but saw the color too widely distributed, perhaps due to the bird's active movements, or a bit of astigmatism she did not suspect. Too, one must allow for poetical license, always a big factor in verse-making. She is more ornithologically correct in the following lines, if she intends the Red-Winged Starling:

"Roses red as wings of starlings."
—("Life's Roses")

"There be the blood-red wings of the starlings
Shining to light and lead him home."
—("Cradle Song")

Red-Wing is the species oftenest mentioned by the poet, because the best blackbird of them all, poetically speaking,

"The wing-spotted blackbird, sweet bobolink's cousin,"

as John T. Trowbridge calls him. Take his colors, that jaunty black uniform with the scarlet shoulder-straps, of which he is so frankly proud:

"The blackbird is bubbling and shaking his shoulders
To show off his epaulettes bright."
—Belle A. Hitchcock

Quite properly "Little Corporal" is one of his nicknames, for he has a most soldierly appearance standing upright on a reed and shouting a wild cry to his mates:

"The flags are aflame with his epaulet—
("Klong-ulla-ree!")
That sparkles of red on a jacket of jet,
Oh, he is the summer-time gay cadet!
("Ka-lonk-o-lee!")
The spring's a-glee
From the Hudson down to the Oconee.
("Ka-lonk-o-lee!")
—Anon. ("The Red-Winged Blackbird")

He is well supplied with nicknames, however, such as Marsh Blackbird, and Swamp Blackbird, which indicate his habitat:

"On a bulrush stalk a blackbird swung,
All in the sun and the sunshine weather,
Teetered and scolded there as he hung
O'er the maze of the swamp-woof's tangled tether;
And the spots on his wings were red as fire,
And his notes rang sweet as Apollo's lyre."
—Ernest McGaffey ("The Red-wing")

Lowell, too, knows the bird's liking for water-side bushes—"alders the creaking red-wings sit on," and Thoreau often notes his presence by the thawing streams:

"(March 19th.)—The redwings' gurgle-ee is heard where smooth waters begin.

"(March 12th.)—This is the blackbird morning. Their sprayey notes and conqueree ring with the song-sparrow's jingle all along the river.

"By the river I see distinctly redwings, and hear their conqueree. They are not associated with grackles. They are an age before their cousins have attained to clearness and liquidity; they are officers epauletted. The others are rank and file. I distinguish one even by its flight, hovering slowly from tree-top to tree-top, as if ready to utter its liquid notes."

The bird's song is another pleasing feature about him, it is so reed-like in quality, and ripples along, rising and falling, like the gurgling of a brook over the stones:

"To feel your nerves a-tingle
By grackle's strident jingle,
Or starling's brooky call."
—John Burroughs ("Spring Gladness")

"The redwing flutes his o-ka-lee," is Emerson's way of interpreting the performance, which William H. Gibson says has a "gurgle and wet ooze in the note" which reminds one of the swamp from which it comes. It is as though the bird's love for the water has affected his voice, and caused those wet, bubbling, gurgling tones so full of sweetness and light. Early in spring it begins, even in March, as Thoreau has recorded, also Burroughs:

"I hear the starling fluting
His liquid 'O-ka-lee!'"
—John Burroughs ("A March Glee")

Like the rest of the Troupail Family, Redwing is fond of company of his own kind, and in migration travels in large flocks. As a vast army of them, or even a small party, moves along, each one in his uniform of black with glittering red insignia,—for the males come up together in advance of their mates,—they make a pageant well worth seeing. They fly as though under military discipline, each

soldier obeying perfectly the commands of the general, Mother Nature herself:

"Far in the south the redwings hear and speed
To answer nature's far-heard northern cry;
Swift from the fields they gather and take on
The burden of a journey; young and old
Spring upward to the sun as if the need
Of earth and of her comfort were gone by."

—P. H. Savage (March 20)

"How handsome a flock of redwings, ever changing its oval form as it advances, from the rear birds pursuing the others," comments Thoreau. And, indeed, the bird is a lovely sight and sound,—it is his nature to be so:

"We redwings are singers and poets
In meadows and brooks we delight;
Though glossy our shining black dresscoats,
Our family cares are not light.
O-ka-lee! Children three;
Don't you see! O-ka-lee!"

—S. J. Douglas ("Redwing's Song")

Though to tell the truth, Redwing takes his family cares light, leaving the building and brooding to his mate while he entertains her:

"The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly."

—H. B. Schoolcraft ("Geehale: An Indiant Lament")

There is one black sheep in the Blackbird tribe, and that is the Cow-Bird, or Cow Blackbird, or Buffalo-Bird, named from its habit of perching where food is easily obtained:

"The blackbird sat on their backs
In the still afternoons."

—Hamlin Garland ("The Passing of the Buffalo")

Not that this indolent method of obtaining food is so reprehensible, —as long as the host furnishing the dinner-table doesn't object. Insects are a good riddance wherever captured. It is the female Cowbird habit of laying her eggs in other birds' nests and leaving the care of the resultant young to over-worked mothers while she wanders about carefree, that makes her detestable, also the fact that at best she is an unlovely bird, of a slaty-brown, slatternly in color and habits. The male Cowbird is a little better, being of a glossy green-

ish-black with a glossy brown head and neck. Cowbird is a stealthy, quiet individual, always reminding one of those human parasites that wander about the alleys and by-streets:

"Silent along the silent sky
The brown cow-blackbirds fly."
—Ernest McGaffey ("The Yellow-Hammer")

As to vocal ability, it is almost nil, though as Thoreau comments: "The Cowbird utters a peculiarly liquid April sound. Indeed, one would think its crop was full of water, its notes so bubble up and regurgitate, and are delivered with such an apparent stomachic contraction." John Burroughs, too, finds them watery: "He seems literally to vomit up his notes. Apparently with much labor and effort, they gurgle and blubber out of him, falling on the ear with a peculiar subtle ring, as of turning water from a glass bottle."

Another Troupial the poet has not overlooked is the Yellow-Headed Blackbird of the Central States, which occasionally wanders into the east as far as Massachusetts. As Mr. Keyser describes it:

"His whole head and nesk are brilliant yellow, as if he had plunged up to his shoulders in a keg of yellow paint, while the rest of his attire is shiny black. He utters a loud, shrill whistle, quite unlike any sound produced by his kinsmen, the crow blackbird and the redwing." It would seem that when he does wander into New England he is well treated, at least by the one poet who has observed him. Not *her,* for *she* has a dark-brown cap and a dull yellow throat-piece:

"The yellow-headed blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick
Till her breath fails, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb
Or some tall flag, and gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating."
—Carlos Wilcox ("Spring in New England")

All in all, the Troupials have their place in the marshes and fields. Even the Cowbird is a good insect exterminator, and the others add beauty and music, life and interest, to whatever scene they see fit to grace. At any time of the year the lover of the out-of-door world welcomes the sight of those orderly flocks, the sound of that sleigh-bell tinkle characterizing the song. To repeat that bit of "Spring Gladness" Mr. Burroughs has so fittingly worded, it is a delight

"To feel your nerves a-tingle
By grackle's strident jingle,
Or starling's brooky call."

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

About the Ichneumon-Fly

"The wing'd Ichneumon for her embryon young
Gores with sharp horn the caterpillar throng.
The cruel larva mines its silky course,
And tears the vitals of its fostering nurse."

—Erasmus Darwin (Origin of Society).

Ichneumon is the name generally applied to the parasitic race of insects, because in the old classifications all the species of winged insects whose larvæ feed on the larvæ of other insects were included in the one family. Indeed, the name ichneumon, "the tracker" is fitting to all the maternal parents of these parasites, who are one and all active, prying and destructive.

The original ichneumon was a mongoose, called "the tracker" because it was supposed to seek out the eggs of the crocodile for food. On this account it was adored by the Egyptians as a benefactor. Their example to a reasonable degree should dictate our attitude to our winged ichneumons, since these flies are very serviceable to the agriculturist, destroying as they do immense numbers of caterpillars and other harmful insects. Cuckoo-fly is another appropriate name for this tribe.

Nearly six thousand species of ichneumon-flies and their allies have been catalogued, some so minute that the egg of a butterfly is sufficient for the support of two individuals until they reach maturity; others so large that the body of a full-grown caterpillar does not more than suffice for one. Indeed, it frequently happens that the parasites are themselves preyed upon by others, which may in the larval stage furnish a host for other parasites, and so in some cases into a fourth series. As Mr. Kellogg says, "The chief agents in keeping the great insect host so checked that plants and other animals have some food and room on the earth are insects themselves."

In each of these six thousand species, the female is winged, and may be known by her long, narrow body, so convenient for prying and boring into holes and corners, and by her long, flexible, jointed horns, used as both feelers and as ears for exploring the places and subjects best suited for receiving her eggs.

The ovipositor, particularly, is a most effective instrument, fitted to pierce an egg, the skin of a grub, caterpillar or chrysalis, and in some cases to bore through silk, wood or clay. Few insects, if any, are exempt from their attacks, unless it be some species too short-lived to be of use to the ichneumon-fly larvæ.

Suppose the larva selected be that of the common white cabbage-

butterfly, which has two species of ichneumon-flies preying upon its caterpillar, two others which attack it while in the chrysalis stage, while still another deposits her eggs within those of the butterfly. The five ichneumons should be numbered among the gardener's best friends.

While the caterpillar is stuffing its green, black and yellow striped body with cabbage-leaf pulp, a small, nervous, quivering little fly pounces on its back, flourishes her egg-depositing piercer, and plunges it here and there into the caterpillar's soft body, leaving an egg in each puncture. Strange to say, the caterpillar seems to be unconscious of its danger, and goes on eating cabbage, though there may be hundreds, even two thousand or more, eggs in its body.

In a short time, perhaps within the day, each egg hatches into a soft, fleshy, cylindrical, footless grub, to find itself in a land of plenty, one with the magical power of self-renewal. The parasites feed on the fatty tissues of their host, or in some cases absorb its juices, leaving its vital parts untouched, so that the caterpillar lives on with the hungry brood inside, nourished at its expense.

The grub cuckoo-flies attain their growth as, to all appearances, does their unfortunate host. When, according to instinct, the caterpillar deserts its cabbage for the shelter of a garden well or fence, to begin its transformations, instead, out comes a wriggling mass of white worm-like grubs through holes they have bored in the caterpillar's skin, which naturally loses its plumpness and shrivels to a shadow of its former self.

The emerging grub first attaches its posterior end to its host by some silken threads, then commences to build an unstanding cocoon by forming a series of loops of silk while moving its head alternately from left to right and then from right to left. After spinning to the top of the cocoon on one side of its body, the grub turns head down, gradually contracting its body to fit the cocoon. To complete the cocoon with an upper lid, the grub once more somersaults and finally goes to sleep head up and tail down inside its silken cell.

Soon the caterpillar is nothing but an empty skin, or at best a most shrunken one, while heaped upon it is a mass of little oval cocoons of yellow silk. By some people these are mistaken for caterpillar eggs; others take them for their victim's attempts at spinning its own cocoon, which attempts resulted in its working itself to death.

While the caterpillar dies, the ichneumons pupate within their cocoons, and when transformed to adult flies they gnaw their way

out of the cocoons and fly away to find mates and become parents in their turn.

The hog-caterpillar of the vine, named from a fancied resemblance to fat swine, about two inches when full grown, is often infested by the larvæ of an ichneumon-fly, the mother being a little black creature only about one-eighth or one-fourth of an inch in length. She deposits great numbers of her minute eggs beneath the skin along the back of the partially grown caterpillar, so that one "hog" is host to scores of ichneumons.

Though, as records Dr. Biley, "one of these caterpillars, in its normal, healthy condition, may be starved to death in two or three days, another that is writhing with its body full of parasites will live without food for as many weeks. Inded, I have known one to rest for three weeks in a semi-paralyzed condition, and after the parasitic flies had all escaped from their cocoons, it would rouse itself and make a desperate effort to regain strength by nibbling at a leaf that was offered to it."

In some cases the victim may even manage to turn to chrysalis, but it never attains to the perfect form, when it could lay eggs and reproduce its kind, because invariably ere it reaches the final stage the maturing larvæ it contains have destroyed it, by a slow, but sure, consumption.

A collector may be cherishing a chrysalis of the swallow-tail butterfly he has gathered from its reedy haunt, only to find emerging an entirely different insect from the one expected. Mr. Ward describes such a denouement.

"Early one morning, much later in the season than when the butterfly should have appeared, a tiny hole became apparent on one side of the chrysalis, which an hour or two later had increased in size. When I looked into the opening, a pair of rather startling insect's eyes could be seen peering through. Also, it was obvious that the insect within, whatever it was, possessed sharp and strong mandibles, and with these it was slowly biting its way through the hardened chrysalis shell.

"The insect worked diligently and persistently for several hours, occasionally pushing through a leg to test if the hole was large enough for its egress. After working for nearly five hours, it got its head and one of its forelegs through in a sideways position, and immediately the other foreleg followed. It then gripped the chrysalis below with these two legs, and so pulled itself out, its wings thereupon appearing. Not a moment was lost; the battle was won, and the insect was free. It quickly dragged itself out and fluttered its wings, its feelers, body and limbs, at the same time twitching with

wonderful activity for an insect only just emerged from chrysalis. A moment later, it was travelling up the stem, still exhibiting the same extraordinary activity. A few minutes later it had trimmed its wings and taken its flight."

Says another writer: "During last August, we had six of the golden chrysalides of the little tortoise-shell butterfly all suspended to a cluster of nettles which we had planted in a flower-pot for the provision of their caterpillars. From two of the number appeared duly, in all their bright array of black, scarlet, blue and gold, the insects to be naturally expected; from the others issued broods of small ichneumons."

For often the ichneumon larvæ, when ready to enter the pupa state, spins its cocoon within the body of the caterpillar, in which case the host dies from causes unsuspected until the adult fly emerges. The cocoons of the smaller species may be found packed closely in considerable numbers, side by side or placed in upright rows, within the body of their host.

Certain parasites of the aphides, or plant-lice, have their development entirely within the body of the host. The tiny egg of the fly hatches out almost immediately after being laid in the body of the aphis, and within a few hours the gnawing larva has accomplished the feat of devouring the body of its host. Frequently the large size of the parasite causes the body of the dead aphis to swell out into a globular form, many times its original size. The adult fly escapes through a hole it makes in the top of the inflated abdomen, which accounts for the empty skins of aphides to be found on rose bushes, oat-stems, wheat-stalks, and hundreds of other plants.

Other parasites of the plant-lice develop as larvæ in the host, but when ready to pupate escape and spin their flattened cocoon, resembling the base of a goblet, beneath the aphid. Of course, this parasite is a tiny creature, not more than one-tenth of an inch in length after emerging from its cocoon, yet it is itself often the host of a still smaller parasite which destroys it as it did the plant-louse.

Weevils are long-lived, and though they go encased in thick armor, they have their foes in certain ichneumons with ovipositors sharp enough to pierce through their seemingly impenetrable hides. Indeed, one of the largest members of the family, with a body two and one-half inches in length, measuring nearly ten inches from the tip of the antennæ to the tip of the ovipositor, is a parasite of the wood-boring larva of the pigeon horntail. Mr. Comstock describes her work:

"When a female finds a tree infested by this insect, she selects a place which she judges is opposite a burrow, and elevating her long ovipositor in a loop over her back, with its tip on the bark of the tree, she makes a derrick out of her body and proceeds with great skill and precision to drill a hole into the tree. When the burrow is reached she deposits an egg in it. The larva that hatches from this egg creeps along this burrow until it reaches its victim, and then fastens itself to the horn-tail larva, which it destroys by sucking its blood. The ichneumon larva, when full grown, changes to a pupa within the burrow of its host, and the adult gnaws a hole out through the bark if it does not find a hole already made by the horn-tail. Sometimes the adult ichneumon gets her ovipositor wedged in the wood so tightly that it holds her a prisoner until she dies."

The cotton-worm has two parasites. One lays its eggs on the pupæ inside the silken cocoon, her thread-like ovipositor being equal to the task. The other is parasitic on the worm, but leaves its host before spinning its cocoon. Mr. Hubbard describes the process: "In quitting its host the parasite maintains its connection therewith by means of a single thread. After crawling to a distance of about half an inch it fastens this thread to the surface of a leaf and begins its cocoon. The larva forms the exterior by throwing out loops of ropey fluid, which under the lens are seen to become rigid as they fall, and to harden rapidly, forming a rather coarse strand of white silk which is often beautifully furred. These loops are piled one upon another, and the walls of the cocoon rise rapidly until they meet overhead. The inside is then lined in the manner usual with cocoon-making larvæ, until the whole has become opaque. The process of spinning occupies about two hours' time."

The leaf-miners, those tiny caterpillars that live between the two skins of a leaf, also have their parasites. "Often in the mine," says Mr. Weed, "there may frequently be found a smooth, silken cocoon, having projecting from each end a cord of fine, silken threads, which are fastened to the sides of the leaf-mine, thus suspending the cocoon after the manner of a hammock. The cocoon is white, with a darker appearing central band, about one-sixth as wide as the cocoon is long. The darker appearance of this band is due not to any difference in the color of the silk, but because the cocoon is there very much thinner than at the ends. The advantage of this peculiar method of suspension is probably to be found in the fact that the cocoon is thus much freer from moisture than it would be were it in contact with the sides of the leaf."

Other cocoons, instead of being anchored under or upon the body of the host, or inside a leaf or on one, are perched on a stalk of silk

several times longer than the cocoon, giving the whole the appearance of the "flowering stalk" of moss. One can imagine how this larva goes to work, attaching first a button of silk to the leaf or other surface chosen, then adding more silk until the button becomes a stem, always keeping its body at the free end of the stalk. Then it weaves a saucer-like bit on the end of the stalk, which grows to a cup, then turning about so it sits in the cup, the creature completes the cocoon and takes its well-earned rest. When it is ready to fly out, a neat lid is cut in the top of its vase-like cocoon, and out through the opening comes the insect that once lived inside another insect's maggot-like body.

A host of parasitic species spend all but the winged adult period of their lives in the eggs of other insects, perhaps as many as half a dozen in one egg. Of course, these insects are often so small they can scarcely be distinguished by the naked eye, except as the trained searcher catches the gleam on their shining dark wings as they flit about the grass. The eggs of the wheat-fly, canker-worm, Hessian-fly, and such insect pests form hosts for these tiny creatures, one of which in the adult state is one-ninetieth of an inch in length.

There are few cases in which the parasite develops in the adult insect, but the locust and the ladybird are two exceptions. Mr. Weed describes such an instance:

"In the Middle and Western States, where the spotted ladybird-beetle is abundant, one may sometimes see one of these beetles crouching over a small, brown, silken cocoon. Sometimes the beetle when found will be dead, with its feet entangled in the meshes of the silk; others will be alive and straddling the cocoon. One such, observed in Illinois several years ago by Mr. C. A. Hart, acted much as a spider does in reference to its egg-sac. When found, the beetle's hind claws were caught in the loose silk of the cocoon; when the latter was removed, the beetle seemed greatly disturbed, and would fold its legs about anything within reach.

"It walked holding its body high in the air, and then it came near the cocoon, the claws would become entangled, so that it dragged the cocoon along after it. When the beetle was placed upon its back it waved its feet excitedly, as most insects do when in this position; but soon as the cocoon was placed within reach, the beetle folded its legs about it and became quiet, remaining so, although still lying upon its back.

"If such a beetle is kept beneath a tumbler or in some closed vessel, one is likely to find in a few days that the beetle is dead, and that a small, black, four-winged fly has emerged from the cocoon

by gnawing off a cap at one end. This fly is a parasite; it developed from an egg laid some time before, probably in the fully developed beetle, by a similar four-winged fly. The egg hatched into a tiny grub that lived in the abdomen or hind part of the beetle, absorbing the tissues of the host as it developed. After a few weeks of such growth it became full-grown; it then burrowed its way out of the beetle's body and spun a cocoon beside it. Within the cocoon the larva changed to a pupa, to emerge a short time afterward as an adult fly. The beetle lingers on in a half-paralyzed condition for some time before it finally dies."

Of course, its devotion to its parasite is the most amazing phase of such a host, as though the worm that had been sapping its life had actually become dear to it,—bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh.

Mr. Kellogg discusses the interesting subject of host and parasite cycles. "It is obvious that in the face of a scarcity of host individuals the dependent parasite species are bound to find difficulty in maintaining themselves, and conversely, that with the increase of the host in numbers 'good hunting' arrives for the parasites. But the good times bring hard ones in their train, for when hosts are abundant the parasites increase so rapidly in numbers, having usually several generations to the host's one, as soon to overcome and sometimes almost extinguish in any given locality the host-species, which, of course, means starvation for the parasite and a new lease of life for the host.

"Thus are brought about succeeding cycles of host and parasite abundance intimately associated with each other. In the case of the California oak-worm moth, a serious pest when abundant of the beautiful life and white oaks of California, the cycles are well-marked, and we have come to rely on the effectiveness of the parasite species in overtaking by rapidly succeeding generations the increasing hosts of the pest, and in checking it before the actual realization of what is not infrequently threatened, the killing of all the live-oaks in certain regions of the state."

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

BOOK REVIEWS

"The Fairest Flower of Paradise." Considerations on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. By Very Rev. Alexis M. Lepicier, O.S.M. 12mo. cloth with Frontispiece. New York: Benziger Bros.

The author tells us that it was on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Immaculate Conception that the idea first occurred to him of writing a popular work on the Litany of Loretto. Of course this was not a new idea, but Father Lepicier approached the subject in a new way. He resolved to consider the doctrinal meaning of the invocation.

Taking successively each invocation of the litany of the Blessed Virgin, he traces out some mystery, incident, or virtue of our Blessed Lady's life, shedding new light or arresting our attention more strongly upon it. Each consideration is divided into three sections of moderate length, to which is added a suitable example followed by a prayer. This arrangement strongly favors those desiring a book for daily spiritual reading or meditation. Supplemented by two monthly schedules assigning two separate sets of subjects for each day, the book is rendered doubly practical for reading in public at May and October Devotions. Aside from this, priests will find in it a wealth of material for sermons or instructions, especially those priests in charge of Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who are required to give frequent talks to the Sodalists. The matter for such purposes is made readily accessible by the addition of two special lists of subjects.

"On the Run." A Juvenile. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. With Frontispiece. 12mo. cloth, net $1.00. Postage, 10 cents.

It is an exciting story of the adventures of an American boy in Ireland, during present times, told with all of Father Finn's kindly sympathy, pathos, and humor, and will be of absorbing interest both to young and old.

This is Father Finn's first visit to Ireland, as far as we know, but he is thoroughly at home. Where should a Finn be at home if not in Ireland. He was very courageous to go there in those troublous times, but that only adds to the interest of the story. Only a sympathetic mind can tell stories of Ireland, and Father Finn is that. No more daring setting could be found for this role, and the author's young readers, whose name is legion, will follow him breathlessly from beginning to end.

A very important announcement accompanies this book. All Father Finn's stories will be sold hereafter at the uniform price of one dollar. This is joyful news indeed, and sales are sure to increase rapidly.

"Lives of the Saints." With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from "The Lives of the Saints" by Rev. Alban Butler. Cloth, 85 cents. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"Butler's Lives" has been a household word for years and for pious reading is still without a rival. But this is the first time that it has been issued in such handy, readable, and low-priced form that no one can be excused for not possessing a copy of it. It was a happy thought, therefore, which prompted the publishers to add this important volume to their series of popular books, already containing such practical volumes of instruction as "The Home World"—"Catholic Belief"—"The Sacramentals"—"Catholic Ceremonies"—"Explanation of the Gospels"—"Catholic Teaching for Young and Old" and Cardinal Wiseman's classical "Fabiola."

Arranged according to the Calendar so that there is a Saint's life for every day in the year, followed by a short reflection or moral drawn therefrom, it also contains the lives of certain American Saints as well as of some most recently canonized. To many busy people this book will appeal because it presents these biographies briefly and in popular style, permitting of a five-minute regular daily reading. It will be admirable, too, for teachers in our Parochial Schools to have a pupil read aloud from it for five minutes each day. Well adapted for church book racks and for popular distribution to Catholic people generally, it is one of the best books to recommend at the time of Missions and Retreats.

"The Divine Counsellor." By Martin J. Scott, S.J. 12mo., pp. 155. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons.

In the six chapters which make up this book, Father Scott represents the Soul and God discoursing concerning "Life's Happiness," "Trust in God," "Eternal Punishment," "Temptation," "Confession to a Priest," and Scruples of Conscience."

He quotes Thomas à Kempis in justification of the colloquial form. There can be no question of its efficiency. It gives a vivid personal touch to the text that cannot be gotten in any other way.

One unconsciously finds himself in the place of the questioning soul, and at the same time God seems very near. The result is a fuller grasping of the truth under consideration, and a more personal application of it.

Father Scott does his part in that clear, earnest way that is characteristic of him, and the publishers have set forth the text in a dress that is worthy as well as pleasing.

"Reardon Rah!" Trials and Triumphs of an American School Boy. By Robert E. Holland, S.J. 12mo. cloth. Frontispiece. New York: Benziger Brothers.

"There is for our Catholic boys and girls a promise just now of many, many, golden days to come. In the last year or two there have stepped into the field of juvenile Catholic literature some new and mighty champions of a pen to be dedicated to the delight and

betterment of our American boys mainly, and incidentally of their amiable sisters.

"And now to swell the goodly and promising band comes Rev. Robert E. Holland, S.J., with a story the reading of which awoke the ashes of my senescency their ancient fires." So says Father Finn, the famous writer of boys' books, of "Reardon Rah!"

This is the story of a boy who has faults and makes mistakes, but who is saved by the influence of the Catholic Church, home and school. It is most thrilling in its description of the school athletics. It might be said that the author is most at home in these chapters. We have noticed generally that teachers who write stories of school life are not as happy when they get out into the business world. Men of business and their employees do not talk like teachers and pupils. Very few teachers, and especially clerical teachers, have had any experience in the world.

The Catholic boy is singularly favored these days with a wealth of juvenile literature. He is indebted for it principally to Jesuit writers, who are so well fitted by their duties as teachers to cater to the boys' love for fiction.

Parents will act wisely if they place these books in the hands of their children, because they instruct, as well as amuse, and they provide the Catholic solution of all childish problems, and that is the only correct solution.

"Carina." By Isabel C. Clarke. 12mo., pp. 393. New York: Benziger Brothers.
"Average Cabins." By Isabel C. Clarke. 12 mo., pp. 402. New York: Benziger Brothers.

There is an old saying that one should not call too often, lest he wear out his welcome. As long as Miss Clarke can produce such excellent stories as those before us, she need have no fear of wearing out her welcome. Not the smallest of Miss Clarke's merits is that she does not repeat. In one respect she reminds us of the best theatrical managers, who keep distinct, all the paraphernalia of each play.

Since the appearance of Carina it has been frequently referred to as one of her best books. We think it is, without exception, the best. The theme, the danger of mixed marriages, while not new, is treated so naturally, and leads to disaster so inevitably that it is irresistible. The characters are perfect portraits, and if they were on canvas, they would be recognized at once as the work of a master. The atmosphere of England and Rome is so skilfully reproduced that one actually lives in it.

The strong-willed wealthy English gentleman, with his traditional pride of family, and strong attachment to the Protestant Church of his ancestors, who takes for his second wife the beautiful young Catholic Carina, and who tries in vain to prevent the only child of his first marriage, Peter, from embracing the Catholic faith excites our sympathy even while he tempts us to anger.

It is a beautiful story, and ought to be placed in the hands of girls without limitation.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

Art and Imitation—Claude C. H. Williamson..... 45

Annunciation, The—J. Simon, O.S.M..... 136

Cardinal Newman and Hilaire Belloc—Alfred G. Brickel, S.J... 155

Catholic Apologist, The, I and II—Rev. P. M. Northcote..... 217

Catholic Apologist, The, III and IV—Rev. P. M. Northcote... 267

Catholic Apologist, The, V, VI, VII—Rev. P. M. Northcote... 398

Catholic Scholarship in Modern France—E. Von Rycken Wilson 21, 308

Church, The, and Peace Movements in the Past—James J. Walsh, M.D. 159

Delphic Oracle, The—Claude C. H. Williamson..... 196

First Mass, The—Rt. Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D..... 331

Hewers of Stone—Mary G. Chadwick..... 383

Hilaire Belloc and Cardinal Newman—Alfred G. Brickel, S.J... 155

Kant's Influence on His Successors—Joseph A. Schabert, Ph.D.. 120

Last Supper; or the First Mass Celebrated on Earth—P. Fielvio Cordignano, S.J. 110

Modern Catholic Novel, The—J. R. Adams..... 130

Moreno, The Martyred President of Ecuador—Marc H. Vallette, LL.D. 287, 411

Mysteries of Mithra—Leo W. Keeler, S.J. 276

PAGE

Nature's Realm in—Harriette Wilbur

The Harebell 63

The Christmas Rose 71

Seed-sowing Devices That Plants Have Invented..... 73

Folk-lore of the Rose and the Oak..... 239

Song Sparrow and Meadow Lark..... 336

A Blackbird Pie 426

Propaganda and Its Promoters—R. F. O'Connor..... 1

Psychology of Practical Godlessness—Rev. J. S. Zyburn..... 177

Psychology of Tragic Emotions—Henry Lee Irwin, S.J..... 255

Shakespeare, Some Obscure Traces of Scholasticism in—Leo Francis Stock 301

Some Obscure Victims of the Scottish Reformation—Michael Barrett, O.S.B. 96

Superstition—T. Slater, S.J. 150

Trade Unions—T. Theyskens, S.J. 86

BOOK REVIEWS

American Democracy, Story of—Wm. Mason West..... 175

Boyhood Consciousness of Christ—Rev. P. J. Temple, S.T.L... 262

Catholic Home Annual for 1923..... 174

Christian Science and the Catholic Faith..... 264

Cobra Island—Neill Boyton, S.J. 175

Holy Souls Book—Rev. F. X. Lasance..... 174

Light on the Lagoon—Isobel C. Clarke..... 173

Marquita—John Ayscough 172

Mysterium Fidei de Augustissimo Corporis et Sanguinis Christi, Sacrificio Atque Sacramento—Mauritio de la Taille, S.J.... 261

Story of American Democracy—Wm. Mason West..... 175

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